

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, 'TUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

MISS KEMBLE'S WISHES.

A correspondent of the Warren Messenger has thus addressed the lady on the subject of some recent poetic wishes to which she has affixed her name.

O fy, Miss Fanny Kemble, fy!

To tell a *white* poetic lie;

It is but rhyme, not reason

To wish yourself "a thing with wings,

A bird that in a May-hedge sings"

For one brief summer season.

At your next benefit I'll bet

The whole amount you'll thereby get,

And plank it on the boards,

That gall'ry, pit and box will vote

Your voice more sweet than wild wood note

Which any hedge affords.

Still more, I ween, you are to blame,

Your hard-earn'd histrionic fame

So pensively to chide,

And be a flower which fragrance flings

On desert air, where it unseen springs

"A lonely heather bell that swings

Upon some wild hill side."

I'll bet, at the same time and place,

That those who view your blooming face,

And perfect form, and matchless grace,

Will freely vote *nem. con.*

That you're the *belles* of *belles* in bower,

Your *two lips* lovelier than the flower

Which springs from heather-down.

But worst of all, how could you say!

You'd cast your intellect away,

And thou, Melpomene's pride,

To be "a silly senseless stone,

With soft, thick starry moss o'ergrown,

Round which the waters glide."

'Tis best, I'll bet you as above,

To see and feel, hear, breathe and move;

And Fanny! let me add, to love

Is well worth learning.

Than starry moss 'tis better far

To be a bright *theatric* star

With pure light burning.

A lonely flower thou couldst not be,

The botanists would search for thee

Of all that bloom most fair,

A hedge-bird that wouldst soon depart

And win thy way to every heart

And nestle kindly there.

If you persist to be a stone,

Be not "with thick moss o'ergrown,

Round which the waters glide,"

But let your intellectual face,

And attitude of Grecian grace

Be *Venus petrified*.

For the Constellation.

STORMING A REDOUBT.

[Translated from the French.]

I joined my regiment on the evening of the 4th of October. I found the Colonel at the bivouac. He received me at first rather coldly; but having read my letter of introduction from Gen. B**** his manner changed, and he treated me with great kindness.

He presented me to my Captain, who that moment returned from reconnoitering. The Captain, with whom I hardly had time to get acquainted, was a tall dark man with harsh and repulsive features. He had been a common soldier, and had gained his epaulettes and cross on the field of battle. His voice, which was

hoarse and weak, contrasted singularly with the almost gigantic proportions of his person. I was told that this singular voice was owing to a bullet having gone completely through him at the battle of Jena.

Learning I was from the Military Academy of Fontainebleau he made a wry face, and said: "My lieutenant was killed yesterday—" I understood his meaning, which was: "You are to take his place, and will be but a poor substitute." A tart reply rose to my lips, but I restrained myself.

The moon rose behind the Redoubt of Cheverino, situated about two cannon's shot from our bivouac. It was large and red, as is usual at its rising: that evening it appeared of an extraordinary size. For a moment, the outlines of the redoubt were visible upon its shining disk: it resembled the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier near me noticed the colour of the moon. "It is very red," said he, "sure sign the famous redoubt will cost us much blood." I was always superstitious, and this prophecy at this particular moment affected me a great deal. I laid down but could not sleep. I rose and walked about some time, looking at the immense line of fires which crowned the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When I found the cold and piercing night air had sufficiently cooled my blood, I returned to the fire, wrapped myself carefully in my cloak, and closed my eyes in the hope of not opening them again before day-break; but sleep fled from me, my thoughts incessantly took a mournful tinge. I reflected I had not a single friend among the hundred thousand men that covered the plain. If wounded I should be taken to the hospital, and fall into the hands of ignorant surgeons. All I had heard said of surgical operations rushed to my mind; my heart beat tumultuously and mechanically; I arranged my pocket-book and handkerchief, as a kind of defence to my breast. I was overcome with fatigue, and every moment fell into a doze, but some melancholy thought darting through my brain, would wake me with a start.

At last I lost all consciousness, and slept soundly 'till beat of reveille. We then formed the line. roll was called, muskets piled, and every thing announced we were to pass a quiet day.

Towards three o'clock, an aide-de-camp arrived with orders. We resumed our arms; the skirmishers spread themselves in the plain; we followed slowly, and at the end of twenty minutes, we saw the Russian outposts fall back and enter the redoubt.

A brigade of artillery took position on our right, and another on our left, but considerably in advance of us. They opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, who replied with vigor, and soon the redoubt of Cheverino disappeared under thick clouds of smoke.

Our regiment was almost sheltered from the Russian fire by an elevation of ground, and as it was chiefly directed against the artillery, their balls either went over our heads, or at most scattered some dust and small stones among us.

As soon as the command was given to march forward, my captain looked at me with a degree of attention that obliged me to pass my hand two or three times over my budding moustachio, with as careless an air as I could command. However, I was not afraid, and my only anxiety was to look as unconcerned as possible. These harmless balls helped to keep me heroically indifferent. Vanity told me I was running great danger, since I was under the fire of a battery. I was delighted to find myself so much at my ease, and I thought of the pleasure of relating the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino in the saloons of Madame St. Luxan in Provence Street.

The Colonel passed before our company; he addressed himself to me. "Well," said he, "you are likely to see a bloody day for your debut." I smiled with a martial air, as I brushed from my coat sleeve some dust that a ball which had fallen thirty paces from me had thrown on it.

It appears the Russians perceived the bad success of their balls, and determined to dislodge us by throwing some shells into the hollow in which we were. A large piece of one of them carried off my shako, and killed a man near me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain, as I picked up my shako, "you have nothing more to fear for this day." I was not unacquainted with this military superstition, which thinks that *non bis in idem*, is an

axiom on a field of battle, as well as in a court of justice. I put on my shako with an air; "these fellows make you salute without any ceremony," said I as gaily as I could. The witticism, considering the circumstances, appeared excellent. "I congratulate you," resumed the captain, "you will not be hit again, and will command a company this evening; I feel the oven is heating for me. Every time I have been wounded, the officer next to me, has received some spent ball," and, added he, in a lower tone, "their names always began with a V."

I pretended indifference—many would have acted like myself; and few like me would not have been struck with these prophetic words. Conscript as I was, I felt I could not impart my feelings to any one, and that all I had to do was to appear cool and unconcerned.

In half an hour's time the fire of the Russians diminished sensibly, we then left our position to march upon the redoubt.

Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second was ordered to turn the redoubt on the side of the defile; the two others were to give the assault. I was in the third battalion.

When we left the kind of hollow that protected us, we were saluted with several discharges of musketry which did not do us much injury. The whistling of the bullets surprised me: I often turned my head aside, and thus attracted some jokes from my comrades, more accustomed to the sound than myself. "Altogether," said I to myself, "a battle is not so terrible after all."

We advanced rapidly, preceded by our skirmishers; suddenly the Russians gave three hurrahs, three distinct hurrahs, and remained silent, and without firing a gun. "I like not this silence," said my captain; "it bodes us no good." I thought our soldiers a little too noisy, and could not help comparing to myself their tumultuous clamors with the imposing silence of the enemy.

We soon reached the foot of the redoubt, the palisades were broken and the ground ploughed up by our balls. The soldiers rushed towards the ruins with shouts of "Long live the Emperor," louder than I expected to hear from people who had already shouted so much.

I raised my eyes and never shall I forget the sight that presented itself. The greater part of the smoke had risen, and remained hanging like a canopy over the fortification, at the height of about twenty feet. Through a bluish vapor you perceived behind their half ruined parapet the Russian grenadiers with presented arms, motionless as statues. I think I still see each soldier, his left eye fixed upon us, his right concealed by his musket. In an embrasure a few feet from us stood a man with a lighted match beside a cannon.

I shuddered, and thought my last hour was come. "The jig will soon begin," exclaimed my captain—"good night," these were the last words I heard him utter.

A rolling of drums was heard in the redoubt. I saw the guns levelled. I shut my eyes and heard a horrible crash, followed by shouts and groans. I opened my eyes, surprised to find myself yet alive. The redoubt was a new enveloped in smoke. I was surrounded with the dead and wounded. My captain lay stretched at my feet, his head shattered by a ball, and I was covered with his blood and brains. Of all my company, only six men and myself remained.

A momentary pause succeeded this carnage. The colonel, placing his hat on the point of his sword, was the first to leap the parapet, shouting "Long live the Emperor;" he was immediately followed by all the survivors. I have no distinct recollection of what followed. We entered the redoubt, I know not how. The struggle was betwixt man and man, in the midst of so thick a smoke, that hardly any thing could be distinguished. I suppose I must have borne my part, for my sabre was covered with blood. At last I heard the cry of victory! and the smoke going off, I saw the ground swimming with blood, and covered with the dead. About two hundred men in the French uniform were grouped around; some loading their guns, others wiping their bayonets—eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

The colonel was reclining all bloody upon a broken carriage-gun. Some soldiers were crowding around

him: I approached: "Where is the oldest captain?" asked he of a sergeant. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders in a very expressive manner. "And the oldest Lieutenant?" "This gentleman who arrived yesterday," said the sergeant with a calm tone. The colonel smiled bitterly. "Come Sir," said he, "you are Commander-in-chief, fortify the redoubt as quickly and as strongly as possible, for the enemy is still in force; but Gen. C*** will support us." "Colonel," exclaimed I, "you are badly wounded." "Never mind, my dear fellow, the redoubt is ours."

PHRENOLOGICAL.

Coffee. How now, Caesar, what you tinkin' ob? You no at Mss Tibb's concert toder Sunday.

Caesar. Oh! Goramolly, me and two oder gentlemen wor busy as flea in a night cap, hearin' Massa Hanibel giben de lection on Cramanology.

Coffee. What you mean by Cramanology—something to eat?

Caesar. Now den, only hear dat! Why, Coffee, you'm as ignorant sif you'm wor born in Grechin; besides you pronouncification am abominable. Cramanology something to eat! he, he, he. Why, you nigger, tis no such ting, tis de hills and de hollows ob de skull—de nob's, and de no nob's, to show de natural genius ob de intellect. Let me feel. Oh my eye what a whopper ober de left ear, dis am de voriferous organ—you hab great genius for eatin fish.

Coffee. You don't say so, Caesar, my boy, and dat fashionable?

Caesar. Oh werry, when de fish are plentiful—let me feel again—Oh! by de dokey! de music organ—why Coffee, you am first rate singer.

Coffee. De debil I be! why, Caesar boy, I neber sung nothin, no how, dough to be sure I always tot I wor somebody.

Caesar. Dats cause you've war neber eddicated—You know what Homer said?

Coffee. What Homer Wilson de barber! He sed he'd neber cut hair and shave for less den six pence a head.

Caesar. O! you ignormus. I mean Homer de great Poemster—him what libs in Dossom.

"How many a wave of beautifuler gen' serene,
De ugly hollow ob de osium bear,
How many a flower (dat means nigger) is born to break unseen,
And waste its sweetness all about de country."

Dats what you may call translatin poetry—you hab not de proper bumps—only feel dis smasher at de back ob my head.

Coffee. Oh, my eye, why as I lib, tis as hot and hard as a twelve cent Graham loaf.

Caesar. Yes, my boy, dat am de proof ob de nus. Hannabel says I is a real Byrant.

Coffee. You no say so—den Caesar, sposse you polish no more boots.

Caesar. Not arter I hab larnt to read—B come, Coffee, dem fellers am laughing at us, we hab no organs of genius.

Coffee. Here's wit you, my boy, but first us go hab something to eat, for I feel de bump voriferous am werry busy knocking at my teach.—*Bost. At.*

HOW TO HANG UP A BASIN.—A gentleman in this town who has in his kitchen two rosy cheeked daughters of the Emerald Isle, overheard them in conversation one morning upon the subject of hanging up a basin. After many wisps of "bad luck to the baste of a tinman who suffered on no handle at all," a chuckle of satisfaction succeeded, and one of them exultingly claimed, "Now it will hang up, it will, the curse of St. Patrick upon it!" Going into the kitchen a few moments afterward, he saw the basin suspended by a string through a hole in the bottom.—*Liquell Jour.*

COMPETITION.—An honest Hibernian who "takes in" a newspaper, though unlike some Yankees that we wot of, he does not take in the publisher, encountered in his reading the other day, the word competition. "Barney," said he, "you are a lad of letters, will ye answer me a question that I'll be a putting to ye?" "Trom an I will, Pat it isn't my mother's son that would deny any thing reasonable to Patrick O'Flynn." "Well, thin, here is a jawbreaker of a word that sticks in my crop intirely; Devil burn me if I can spake it at all." "Oh Patrick, that is compassion." "And what is compassion, Barney will you tell me, now?" "I'll thry, Patrick." "Thry, will you, and so will I, Barney." "Will you? by —, thin we have it betwene us!"—*Id.*

THE COUNT CHABERT.

(Continued.)

Section IV.—The Hospital for Old People.

Eight days after the two visits which M. Derville had paid, and on a fine morning in June, the married couple who had been disunited by an almost supernatural accident, started from the two most opposite points of Paris, to meet each other at the chambers of their common law agent.

Colonel Chabert, thanks to the advances largely made by Derville, was dressed in a manner becoming his station, and arrived in a cabriolet. Newly shaved, and with a wig suited to his features, a blue coat, new boots, clean linen, and at his button-hole a gold clasp, from which miniature crosses of his orders hung so that the old soldier seemed to have recovered his former habits of military elegance. He held himself erect, his face looked younger, and he was no more like the Chabert in the old great coat than a double sous is like a newly coined piece of forty francs.

At the first sight it was easy to recognize him as one of the noble ruins of our old army, one of those brave men upon whom the glory of our nation beams, and who show it as a broken icicle, which seems to reflect the sun that shines upon it. These old soldiers are at once the pictures and the books of their age. His handsome face, grave and mysterious, seemed better conditioned, of greater breadth, to borrow the pictorial phrase. His features expressed joy in its fullest hopes; and when he stepped out of his carriage at Derville's he sprang up the stairs as a young man would have done.

The cabriolet had scarcely landed him at his solicitor's, when a handsome chariot, covered with armorial bearings, stopped at the same door. The Countess Ferraud alighted from it in all the freshness of a toilette, which, though simple, was admirably calculated to set off her figure. She wore a *capotte* lined with pink, and which, by softening the outlines, lent her all the attractions of youth.

There was something at once dramatic and ridiculous in this rencontre. It would have been still more picturesque if the legitimate husband had been clothed in the liveries of misery; but the two attempts to appear younger had their merit. What a scene for the gloomy chambers of the lawyer!

The clerks first introduced the colonel, then Madame de Ferraud, and the two faces gave rise to interminable discussion, and especially to bits.

M. Derville begged the colonel to remain in his bed-room, and kept the Countess Ferraud in the cabinet. 'As I was not certain, madam, that it would be agreeable to you to meet the Colonel Chabert, I have separated you; but if you wish it—' 'Sir, it was an attention that calls for my thanks.' 'I have prepared the minute of a settlement, the conditions of which you will either assent to or reject; they may be discussed between you and your husband while you are here. I will go from you to him alternately, to state to each your respective reasons.' 'To the point, sir,' exclaimed the countess, betraying a great impatience.

Derville read—'On this 5th day of March, in the chambers of M. Derville, solicitor, &c., appeared—On the one part, the Sieur Hyacinth, called Chabert, born at Paris the 1st of July 1765, and baptized in the Foundling Hospital the 2nd of the same month, the day after his reception, &c.; and on the other side, Dame Rosa Chapote, the wife, by a first marriage, of M. the Count Chabert, (above named,) born—' 'Pass over the preliminaries, and come to the conditions.' 'Madam, the preamble explains succinctly the position in which you are placed with respect to each other. In the first place, you acknowledge the individual mentioned in the certificates annexed to the settlement, and minutely described: you acknowledge him, I say, in the presence of three witnesses, two of whom are notaries public, and the other the poultry dealer with whom your husband lodged. To these I have confided the secret of your affair, and you may rely upon their strict silence. You acknowledge the undersigned, whose identity is established by a kind of public act to be the Count Chabert, your first husband. By the second article, the Count Chabert, with a view to your happiness, engages himself not to make any use of this recognition, unless in the events contemplated in the body of the settlement. These events,' observed Derville, making a sort of parenthesis, 'are no other than the non-fulfilment of the clauses of the secret convention. On his side,' he continued, 'M. Chabert binds himself not to appeal against the certificate of his death, not to sue for the setting aside of your second marriage, notwithstanding its nullity, (a nullity you must be aware of,) and he leaves you in possession of the rank which you enjoy.' 'And what is the price of—?' asked the astonished countess. 'By the third article,' said the solicitor, and with an imperturbable phlegm, 'you engage to create and establish to the said Hyacinth, (which is the only legal name of Colonel Chabert) an annuity of twenty-four thousand francs inscribed in the *grand livre* of the public debt, so long as he lives, and that at his decease the principal shall revert to you.' 'Ghosts are expensive,' said the countess, smiling. 'Does not your fortune come from—?' 'Well, well, sir; if such is the composition, and it is made evident to me that the individual is the Count Chabert, I accept the terms.' 'Madame, you will have occasion to be sure it is he, for he adds one more condition to his sacrifice—a condition that—' (Derville hesitated) 'that I have never been able to prevail on him to forego.' 'What is it?' inquired the countess, whose curiosity was strongly excited. 'He insists, madam, that—' 'Horror!' cried the countess, rising from her seat.

'Madam—' 'Enough!' said the countess, 'we will let the law decide.' 'Yes, we will let the law decide,' repeated the deep voice of the colonel, suddenly opening the door and appearing before his wife. He had one hand under his waistcoat, and pointed with the other to the floor, with an energetic movement, to which the recollection of his adventure lent an appalling power. He remained standing, severe, implacable. 'Tis he!' said the countess to herself. 'And now, madam,' resumed the old soldier, 'I will have you to myself, and without participation.' 'But this gentleman is not the Count Chabert!' exclaimed the countess, feigning surprise. 'Ah!' said the veteran, in a tone of profound irony, 'do you wish for proofs? I saw you for the first time at Count Gilbert's—you were his wife's *femme de chambre*.'

The countess turned pale under her rouge, and the soldier, touched at the sight of the sufferings he caused a woman he once ardently loved, paused; but went on again upon receiving from his wife a look that contained the venom of a serpent. 'I might have ascertained this circumstance, you will say. Well, then, it is necessary to give you a convincing proof—if you do not know my voice, was it not I who broke you of the habit of—' 'In mercy, sir, suffer me to leave the room. I did not come here to listen to such abominations.'

She rose, and quitted the apartment. 'So, colonel, this is the way you conduct your law-suits?' Derville sprang in the office, but the countess had already left it; she appeared to have flown from the solicitor's dwelling. When he returned, Derville found the colonel pacing the room in a violent passion. 'A woman to whom I gave a million of francs, and who tries to beat me down—who first chose me for a husband and betrays me—I'll destroy her!' 'Well, colonel, was I right or not in begging you to keep away? I am now convinced of your identity. When you first showed yourself, she was surprised into a movement dictated by an unequivocal feeling; but you have lost your suit—that woman knows that to others you are no longer recognizable.' 'I will destroy her!'

'Absurd! you would be taken and guillotined like a wretched culprit; and perhaps you might only wound her, which would be inexcusable—one should never fail in killing one's wife when the resolution is taken. Let me endeavour to repair your mischief. Pray leave me for the present.'

The good and single-minded colonel obeyed his young benefactor, and retired stammering excuses. He descended the dark staircase slowly, and seemed lost in gloomy thoughts; overwhelmed by the blow he had just received, perhaps the severest he had ever sustained, when he heard at the bottom of the stairs the rustling of a gown, and his wife appeared before him. 'Come, sir,' she said to him, taking his arm in the manner he was formerly accustomed to. The action, the gent'e voice, the tone of the countess, produced on the poor soldier's concentrated fury the effect of a drop of cold water in a steam boiler. His anger subsided, and he suffered his wife to lead him to her carriage. 'Why don't you go on?' said the countess, as soon as the footman had let down the steps; and he found himself, as if by enchantment, in the well-appointed chariot. 'Where to, madam?' asked the servant. 'To Grosley.'

The horses crossed Paris. 'Sir,' said the countess, in a tone of voice that confessed one of those emotions which occur but seldom in the course of life, but then show that the whole being is convulsed by them—heart, fibres, nerves, features, every pore shudders.—'We no longer feel that life resides in us, or to what regions it is transferred. This tremor is contagious, magnetic—transmitted by a word, by the manner of utterance, the look, the gesture; even the old soldier trembled at the single but fearful monosyllable, *sir*. Still it seemed, at the same time, a reproach, an entreaty, an interrogation, or an answer: it conveyed every thing, and none but a woman—a heartless woman—could have compressed so much of eloquence and of sentiment in a single word. The colonel felt remorse for his suspicions, his demands, and his anger, and looked down abashed lest his anxiety should be seen. 'Sir,' resumed the countess, after a pause, 'I knew you.' 'Rosina,' answered the soldier, 'I asked no more to bury all former sorrows in forgetfulness.'

He dried two big tears that fell upon the hands of his wife, which he pressed with tenderness—with paternal tenderness. 'How was it, sir, that you did not imagine the pain and embarrassment it caused me, to appear before a stranger in such a false position? If I am to blush for my situation, at least let it be in the circle of my family; such a secret should lie concealed in our breasts only, and you will, I trust, excuse my apparent indifference about the suffering of a Chabert, whose existence I had no reason to believe. Your letters I received,' she added quickly, on seeing the objection which hung upon her husband's lips. 'But did you see them?' 'They reached me thirteen months after the battle of Eylau, opened and dirty; and I was bound to believe, after I had obtained the signature of Napoleon to my new marriage, that some clever impostor meant to trick me. To avoid disturbing the peace of mind of M. de Ferraud, and not to change family ties, I was right to take precautions against a false Chabert—was I not?' 'Yes, you were right; and I was an animal, a beast, not to have better calculated the consequences of a situation such as yours. But where are we going?' asked the colonel, perceiving that they had reached the gate of La Chapelle. 'To my country-house near Grosley, in the valley of Montmorency. There we will reflect together upon the conduct we should pursue. I know my duties; I belong to you of right, but not in fact. But would you render us the fable of all Paris—of all

Europe? When you have decided on my fate, I will submit me to the judgement; but until then, let us maintain our own dignity in keeping the adventure from the public. You still love me then,' she resumed, casting a look of mild regret upon the colonel. 'As to myself, I was authorized to contract another engagement; and let me confide to your noble nature the admission that I love M. Ferraud. It is not because he is young and agreeable; no, if he had been an old man I should have felt the same, and I believed myself at liberty to yield to that sentiment of preference. I do not blush to make this declaration before you; it may offend, dishonour you it cannot. I look on you at this moment as a father, and as a friend. A secret impulse, or an intimate knowledge of your generous nature, teaches me that you will pardon the wound I inflict in telling you this. Why should I deceive you? Why conceal a truth, when I take you as a judge and throw myself upon your discretion? An accident left me a widow, but I was not a mother; now I am so.'

The colonel made a sign with his hand to invoke silence, and they remained without uttering a single word during ten minutes. Chabert's mind figured the children. 'Rosina.' 'Sir!' 'The dead do very wrong when they come back.' 'Oh, no, no! do not think me ungrateful. You find a tender friend—a mother, though—where you left a wife; and if it be no longer in my power to love you, I know what I owe to you, and can offer you all the affection of—' 'Rosina,' rejoined the old man, mildly, 'I feel no resentment. If I imposed hard conditions, it was to avenge my neglected sufferings.'

As the countess blushed, the soldier admired the modesty of his wife, and was happy to find again the qualities which had formerly attracted him. 'Let us forget every thing,' he added, with one of those smiles, the grace of which proceeded from the reflected lustre of a soul without guile. 'I am not so indelicate as to require the semblance of affection from a woman who loves me no longer. Resentment made me feel a pleasure in the strange bargain I made. I sought to be a living remorse upon your happiness, to soil it by an apprehension; for I should never have insisted on the reality.'

The countess replied by a glance expressive of such gratitude, that poor Chabert wished himself back in his grave at Eylau for her sake. There are men whose souls are firm enough for such devotedness, from the feeling the value of a word, a look, or a sentiment; all things fugitive with the multitude, but which are ineffaceable on these noble natures. 'My kind friend, we will talk over all this later, and at our leisure,' said the countess.

The conversation took another turn, and, although they reverted sometimes to their singular situation, either by allusion or serious reflections, they were charmed with the rest of their drive, and reminded each other of their past union and the rights of the empire. The countess managed to turn about these reminiscences a charm that had a cast of melancholy in it, calculated to maintain the gravity of the scene. They reached, by a cross road, a large park situated in this valley which separates the heights of Margency from the beautiful village of Grosley. The countess had a delightful house there; and on their arrival, the colonel perceived that every thing was prepared for his and her sojourn. Misfortune augments the mistrust and the ill-nature of men in general, in the same way that it adds to the benevolence of the virtuous few: it is a kind of talisman, whose property it is to corroborate our primitive nature, and misfortune had rendered the colonel more beneficent than before. Yet, despite his unsuspecting nature, he could not avoid saying to his wife, 'You made quite sure of bringing me here.' 'Quite sure, if I found my Chabert in the complainant.' And she laughed with such an appearance of sincerity, as dissipated the slight suspicions of the colonel, who internally reproached himself for having conceived them.

LOCH AWE.

This is one of Prof. Wilson's singular rhapsodies in the description of Scottish Scenery. Our extracts are a fair specimen of the entire article. We know not what might have been thought of many parts of such a production if from a more humble pen.

'What sudden summer! One week ago the Highlands were black and bare; they are now green and glorious; happy the grazing cattle on a thousand hills, the nibbling sheep, and the loud-throated birds in the umbrageous woods. Umbrageous! aye, though the ancient forest be all moss-sunk, or shorn by the sweeping scythe on the mountains, beautiful are the copices on the uplands, bedropt here and there with majestic single trees, oak or sycamore, and darkened not unfrequently by the pine grove. Magnificent regions of joyous sunniness, with their still undulations sublimely streaked with shadows for ever shifting, yet all seeming still. There is not a breath of wind. The clouds are moving aloft, but the Loch is without a ripple, invisible almost to the eye; but our heart that loves it, knows it is there, and enjoys in a visionary dream all its doubled islands. Hushed are all the cataracts—silent lines of silver sparkling down the cliffs. The peace is perfect, and life and nature breathe in spiritual union, as if one and the same soul animated us and our gracious Mother Earth, own sister to benignant Heaven.'

And we are sitting once more, after an interval of many long years, under the old Stone-cross on the heather-hill above Cladich! Unforgotten one image submitted to our gaze! As the "old familiar faces" reappear, the past is as the present, and we feel restored to our prime. God bless thee, Cruachan, one

of the noblest of Scotland's mountain-kings! Thy subjects are princes, and gloriously are they arranged around thee, stretching high, wide, and far away, yet all owing allegiance to their sovereign, though faintly are seen in the blue distance their aerial heads. Large as is the Lake, sea-arm-like, it shrinks in thy shadow; and dwindled down into a hut seems now even the ruins of Kilchurn, the sublimest castle in all the Highlands. Eastward turn our eyes, and lo! another dynasty reigning over their own domain, Beinn Laoich, Beinn Chleidh, and Meel-nan-Tighearnan! Between lies the valley of the Orchay, with its holms and meadows, rich in pasture and corn-lands, and gleaming in the darkest day—but now all is bright—with "spots of stationary sunshine," round many a peasant's cot. Miles off, and hidden from our senses, yet we see and hear its lucid murmurs as it wimpls through hanging shaw, birks, alders, and willows, and then flows fingeringly along, in silence and shadow, round the church-tower and church yard of Dalnally—almost an island—churchyard paved with antique sculptured tombstones brought from Inishail, or the "Lovely Isle," for such is the meaning of the Gaelic.

Stroin-Miolechoin! on thy steep side frowns no more the stronghold of the McGregors. Long ago, the last chieftain of the red-haired race married a daughter of the Lord of Loch Awe, who murdered the bridegroom in his bed and took possession of his mountains. Hardly now is to be traced the site of the chieftain's mansion, once tree-hidden in wild Glenn Sreatha! At the glen-head, now but a shieling beneath the foot of Beinn Mac Moraidh. Thither from the forest of Dalnally sometimes strays a red-deer, and there sometimes may you hear the eagle's cry. But do not think it his till you see a speck in the sky; for it may be but the bark of the hill-fox, or the bleat of a goat in the wilderness.

Ossian, they say, sang the origin of Loch Awe. 'Bera the aged dwelt in the cave of the rock. She was the daughter of Griannan the sage; long was the line of her fathers, and she was the last of her race. Large and fertile were her possessions; hers the beautiful vale below, and hers the cattle which roamed on the hills around. To Bera was committed the charge of that awful spring, which, by the appointment of fate, was to prove so fatal to the inheritance of her fathers, and to her fathers' race.'

Before the sun should withdraw his beams, she was to cover the spring with a stone, on which sacred and mysterious characters were impressed. One night this was forgot by the unhappy Bera. Overcome with the heat and chase of the day, she was seized with sleep before the usual time of rest. The confined waters of the mountains burst forth into the plain below, and covered that large expanse now known by the name of the Lake of Awe. The third morning Bera awakened from her sleep. She went to remove the stone from the spring; but behold no stone was there! She looked to the inheritance of her tribe—she shrieked! The mountain shook from its base! Her spirit retired to the ghosts of her fathers in their light and airy halls.'

Where are we? Beneath the old Stone-cross near the eighth new milestone, on the high-road leading from Inverary to Dalnally.

We feel it is six o'clock. We see the short finger and the long one—shadows on that huge horologe. At three, under the opening eyelids of the morn, we left the beech-woods of Inverary Castle; and a voice within us now whispers to descend into Cladich.—What is this? An Inn! A new birth—for seventeen years ago the spring was but a hut, though clean the earthen-floor, and comfortable the heather bed, on which, roused at daylight by the old soldier, we sat upright and enjoyed 'our morning'—a gurgle of Glenlivet. The smack is at this moment on our palate—it has never left it since the summer of the battle of Waterloo—and imagination has now awakened it from its slumber.

House full? Why, there is surely a nyceuck where one may eat a quarter loaf and a dozen of eggs, without disturbing anybody, our worthy fellow—eh? But with your leave, we shall walk into this parlour, for 'a well-known voice salutes our ear,' and we have a knack of making ourselves welcome wherever we go, except perhaps among the sulkiest of the Whigs. But our friend Stentor is a Radical; for his downright honesty we respect him, and for his father's sake, who was a sad sump, and got into a scrape about some pike-heads, we cannot look on him without affection. What the devil is the matter with the sneek? But a slight kick will do it—there, open scame! We call that a cure for the gout.

The uproar reminds us of the animated description of the arrival of Marmion at the English van, when the adverse battles were about to close on Flodden. 'North! North! North! Christopher North! Christopher for ever! Kit to all eternity!' The house is thunderstruck, the village astounded, the parish alarmed, and rumour flies eastward and westward, southward and northward, from Loch Edderline to Loch Tulla, from Oban to Blatcheurin. They have come bounding, we find, from Tyndrum, some twenty miles, like so many stags. Give us any honest man's surname, and we undertake to add his Christian name, nine times out of ten. The face of a Peter is always as distinct as possible from that of a Hugh, and neither of them ever bears any resemblance to that of a James or a John, which, again, are as unlike as peas and beans. In five minutes we are as familiar with their names as we were at the first moment with their characters, and the reign of fun and fellowship is established on a permanent footing for the week. We can eat any man of our years, weight, and inches, in Great Britain—nay we fear not to give a

decade, a stone, and a hand. Hard boiled eggs are not hard on the stomach, they are only heavy, and the heavier the better; for on a light stomach no man can work. Yet 'tis prudent to mix them with light boiled ones, by alternate swallows. Nothing can be more vulgar than to keep count of eggs. What signifies it whether you eat half-a-dozen more or less? The simple rule with them, as with every thing else, is, 'stop ere you are sta'd.' Is there no Ossian to sing the Feast of Shells? Quarter of an hour ago the parlour was like a baker's shop—or rather of a retail dealer of all victuals. The board now how bare! With many a grateful 'heh' we return thanks; and our motion for the production of Glenlivet is carried by acclamation. The smiling landlord enters in full tail with the tower on a tray, and each man in steady succession, from old Kit to young Bob, with a quiet eye, inhales the essence of all the elements—air, earth, water and fire—for what else is Glenlivet?

Gathering in front of the inn, amidst the village stare, we all equip ourselves, each after his own fashion. The party splits into twos and threes, and we ourselves keep together in one, being Zimmermannishly disposed, and anxious in solitude to sport the melancholy Jacques. But we all agree to meet by sunset at Larach-a-ban—to compare baskets—and to enjoy, with Christopher North in the chair, a moral jollification and an intellectual gaudium.

We saunter solitarily down the wooded banks and traces of the cheerful rill that wimplies its way to the Loch—but nothing is farther from our mind than any thought of angling—for we desire to yield ourselves up gradually and gently into the power of an enchanted world of old remembrances, and mirthful as we have been and are still, a prophetic intimation of stealing sadness is felt by our heart even in the very warbling of that little bird. But Tondal at our heel, respectfully requests a 'smeshing,' and we hand him the mull. Chewing is an unchristian habit, Tondal, but as we see from that swelling in your cheek that with you it has become second nature, there is some shag.

Our boat is somewhat clumsy, and as we pull away, clanks like a steam-engine. So much the better, for the echoes in the hush are as if many other unseen boats were issuing out of the wooded bays all along the loch. Let them but shew themselves, and we will race the best of them for a pot of heather-honey and a gallon of the creator. Innis Dubh, how are you, my boy? Well may men call you the Black Island, for you are like the floating palace of King Coal. Nay not so black either for the diamonds are yet unmined on the heather. O bees! you will rue your gluttony when you set sail homewards across the water—many a yellow-winged stripling will be gorged by the scaly dragons. Aye, we must land for a few minutes on Inishail. Still it does indeed deserve the name of the 'Lovely Isle,' for there is a surpassing sweetness in the glow and breath of its herbage, but not so much as one single tree. Never saw we such brackens! Why, they are as high as our head. 'Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,' but fairer far, and so would say that shower of butterflies could they speak, to the eyes of our heart, these groves of the proud lady-fern.

Of old, this The Fair Isle was the principal burial place of the highest of the hill-born; and the state of some of these tomb-stones indicates great antiquity; like coffin-lids. Nor are they without suitable rude ornaments. There is a sort of fret-work—strange figures of one hardly knows what, mould-eaten and moss-woven, but they look like flowers. Aye, we remember it well—that is the form of a warrior with his two-handed sword. But there are no inscriptions—perhaps there never were—the fame of their name, it might have been thought, would never die within the shadow of Cruachan—but chiefs lie there, all dust and no bones, like ravens and eagles that perished in their pride and became part of the thin soil on knolls and cliffs. Aye—nobody knows any thing now of the M'Naughtons of Fraoch Ean, and the Campbells of Inberaw. Yet there, on the south side of what once was the Chapel, lies a large flat stone, with the family arms in high relief, which, they say, is the cemetery of the Campbells. Two warriors bearing a shield—surmounted by a diadem. What a multitude of rabbits! a perfect rotten burgh is the Lovely Isle.

A young bird in its first flight could almost fly from Inishail to Fraoch Ean. Not in the whole wide world, we venture to say, is there a more beautiful islet. Small as it is, it wants nothing—on one side the rocks rise abrupt from the deep water, on the other a shrubby slope, shewing here and there an old stump or weathered root, softly carries down its levelness some way into the shallows, through which, at this moment, we see large trout lying on the green-sward. Tall trees—some of them pines—cannoble the still stately ruin of the M'Naughtons' Castle—and there, we are happy to see, still alive and cheerful, the large ash that has been growing for ages from the foundation of what was once the hall, and proudly lends its shade to the window niches, (rooks! none of your impertinence,) without intercepting the sunshine from the mated ivy. We like gulls. In some weather they are clamorous clan, even during summer, on quiet islands or inland lochs; but to-day they are all silent as their shadows. Not that they are afraid of the wate eagle, who has built his nest for many and many a year on the top of that sole remaining chimney, he never dreams of hurting a feather of their head, and besides, neither he nor his lady is at home; but one might believe the creatures are enjoying the day's serenity, and are loath to disturb it even by the flapping of their wings. One or two only are wheeling about, and now they have alighted,

and walking up and down, seem almost as large as lambs. Loch Awe is a darling haunt indeed for all manner of wild fowl—teal, widgeon, divers, white ducks, shell-drakes, kitty-wakes, pit kairnies, (sea swallows,) and millions of anonymous creatures very fair to look on; but there is ample room for them all, for Loch Awe is more than thirty miles long, and the river is but a short one that unites it with the sea.

This isle, according to tradition, was the Hesperides of the Highlands. Delicious apples grew here, but were guarded by an enormous serpent. 'The fair Megs,' says poetry, 'longed for the delicious fruit of the isle; Fraoch, who had long loved the maid, goes to gather the fruit. By the rustling of the leaves, the serpent was awakened from his sleep. It attacked the hero, who perished in the conflict. The monster was destroyed. Megs did not long survive the death of her lover.' No fruit grows here now, but hips and haws in their season, and we believe, some wild strawberries. Why not put in a few score currant and gooseberry bushes? Such small fruit is most refreshing, especially *grozets*, and that they would bear well there can be no doubt, for it would require a better botanist than we are to name all these blossoms.

Last time we were here, 'a sma' still' was at work in a cozy crevice formed by these two inclining rocks. A more industrious creature never saw we than that 'prime worm.' The spirit it produced was almost unbearable; indeed, till he was christened, no man with impunity could tackle to such a heathen. He laid you on the broad of your back in two glances.—Rashly confiding in our head and heart, without drawing our breath, we took off a quack, and from about ten minutes after that moment (nine o'clock of a summer evening) till what had the appearance of sunrise, and no doubt was so, we were without consciousness of the existence of this wicked world. Yet, to do our enemy justice, we awoke without the slightest touch of the headache, and our tongue, as we took a look at it in the water, was red as a rose in June.

Now, let us re-embark, Tondal—and lie on our oars beneath the Goose's Rock. Sassenach is a mean-sounding language—in Gaelic 'tis written *Craig-aghaidh*, but when pronounced, the word is indescribably different from any thing that might be expected by a Lowland eye looking at that silent congregation of letters. The silvan shadow above our heads is Bein-thuridh, a portion of Cruachan. 'This used of old to be one of our favourite stations, and our ingenious friend John Fleming has done it justice, with a fine poetical feeling, in one of his Views, engraved by our ingenious friend Joseph Swan, for the Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland, a publication which deserves the patronage of the public, and we are happy to hear receives it, for it is true to the character of the Highlands, and we remember with delight the shadow of this scene on paper, even with the glorious reality before our eyes. Colonel Murray, too, of Ochertyre, has finely shewn us Loch Awe, almost from this very same point, in his lithographic Scenes of the Highlands and Islands; and these two works, both wonderfully cheap, are worth all the printed Guides, and better far, (they have likewise their own instructive letter press,) excepting one we are leisurely writing ourselves, and which shall be published as soon as the 'Trade,' now like a drooping poppy, again lifts up its languid head in the Row, and the reading Public grows impatient to purchase, in two volumes, that choice poetical prose in which, with the exception of a few envious ninnies, it is admitted by mankind that we egregiously excel. But how can we prate thus, in presence of a Kilclurn? We have seen it like a great ghost; and once, on a night-like day, during a thunder-storm, when it rose fitfully out from the blackness, at every wide yellow flash of the sheeted lightning that seemed fiercely levelled at its time beaten bulk; but now the ruin looks calm in decline, and happy in the sunshine, to be insensible that it is mouldering away. There it stands in the very centre of the picture—and there is an impressive massiveness about the old chief, in spite of the dilapidation of his towers and turrets. Aye—we have just a peep of the farm-house in the near wood, the hospitable farm-house of Can-a-chraoich, where with those pleasant old ladies, the Miss M'Intyres—now no more—we have whiled away whole evenings listening to their traditional lore. Very rich, seen from this stance, is the vale of Orchar—still silvan in spite of the furnaces of the iron works at Bunawe. The white square church-tower of Dalmally has more an English than a Scottish look, and we could for a moment believe ourselves in Westmoreland. High, and far up and away is winding yonder the wild road to Tyndrum. The mountain in the farthest distance can be no other than the conical Bein-Laoidh, or Mountain of the Hind; Bein-a-Chleidh (but what that means we forget, for we have little Erse) nobly occupies the middle background, and seems in the sunshine more than usually precipitous; and he whose stature reaches the sky must be—yes it is—we recognise him by that chasm—Mealna-Tighearn, or the Mountain of the Chieftains. What a mystery is—a Whole! . . .

We cannot make even a guess at the distance between Kilclurn and the Manse of Dalmally. It has seemed but a step. Nay—were we to tell the public this—our veracity would be more than suspected—why, we have walked hither without our crutch! We must have a private class for grown up bachelors, and give lessons in dancing—in the gallopade. So—there's the step that would have astonished Prince Swartzenburgh; but we must beware of proucting into the church.

'Tis a very beautiful little building, and were we to encourage old remembrances, we could weep. But to

keep them at a distance, suppose we fire off our pocket pistol. There—was a most romantic echo. As the Glenlivet gurgled out into the recipient old man, we heard a faint reflective shadow of the pleasant sound from the Hill of Hinds. There will seem nothing incredible in that to those who have read Mr. Wordsworth's verses on the naming of Places. A young lady, called Joanna, laughs; and all the mountains in Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland, take up the lady's voice, and there is a general guffaw. Now, as Joanna, though a wild creature, had been brought up, we presume, in civilized society, we are justified in asserting that her laugh at its loudest could not have been louder than the gurgle of Glenlivet into our mouth from that of our pocket-pistol. That reflection will enable the public to give credence to the natural phenomenon now recorded in our note-book.'

THE FALL OF TURKEY.

(Continued from our last.)

5. The Janissaries were another institution which upheld the Turkish Empire. They formed a regular standing army, who, although at times extremely formidable to the Sultan, and exercising their influence with all the haughtiness of Pratorian guards, were yet of essential service in repelling the invasion of the Christian Powers. The strength of the Ottoman armies consisted in the Janissaries, and the delhis and spahis; the former being the regular force, the latter the contingents of the dere beys. Every battle-field, from Constantinople to Vienna, can tell of the valour of the Janissaries, long and justly regarded as the bulwark of the empire; and the Russian battalions, with all their firmness, were frequently broken, even in the last war, by the desperate charge of the delhis. Now, however, both are destroyed; the vigorous severity of the Sultan has annihilated battalions of the former—the ruin of the dere beys has closed the supply of the latter. In these violent and impolitic reforms is to be found the immediate cause of the destruction of the Turkish Empire.

Of the revolt which led to the destruction of this great body, and the policy which led to it, the following striking account is given by Mr. Shade:

'Every campaign during the Greek war a body was embarked on board the fleet, and landed in small parties, purposely unsupported, on the theatre of war: none returned, so that only a few thousands remained at Constantinople, when, May 30, 1826, the Sultan issued a hatt-i scheriff concerning the formation of 'a new victorious army.' This was a flash of lightning in the eyes of the Janissaries. They saw why their companions did not return from Greece; they saw that the old, hitherto abortive, policy, dormant since eighteen years, was revived; they saw that their existence was threatened; and they resolved to resist, confiding in the prestige of their name. June 15, following, they reversed their soup-kettles, (signal of revolt,) demanded the heads of the ministers, and the revocation of the said firman. But Mahmoud was prepared for them. Hussein, the aga of the Janissaries was in his interests, and with him the yamaks, (garrisons of the castles of the Bosphorus,) the Gali-endgis, and the Topchia. Collecting therefore, on the following morning, his forces in the Atmeidan, the sancjak scherrif was displayed, and the ulema seconded him by calling on the people to support their sovereign against the rebels. Still, noways daunted, the Janissaries advanced, and summoned their aga, of whom they had no suspicion, to repeat their demands to the Sultan, threatening, in case of non compliance, to force the seraglio gates. Hussein, who had acted his part admirably, and with consummate duplicity, brought them to the desired point—open rebellion—flattering them with success, now threw aside the mask. He stigmatised them as infidels, and called on them in the name of the prophet, to submit to the Sultan's clemency. At this defection of their trusted favourite chief, their smothered rage burst out; they rushed to his house, razed it in a moment, did the same by the houses of the other ministers, applied torches, and in half an hour Constantinople streamed with blood beneath the glare of flames. Mahmoud hesitated, and was about to conciliate; but Hussein repulsed the idea with firmness, knowing that to effect conciliation, his head must be the first offering. 'Now or never,' he replied to the Sultan, 'is the time! Think not that a few heads will appease this sedition, which has been too carefully fomented by me,—the wrongs of the Janissaries too closely dwell on, thy character too blackly stained, thy treachery too minutely dissected,—to be easily laid. Remember that this is the second time that thy arm has been raised against them, and they will not trust thee again. Remember too, that thou hast now a son, that son not in thy power, whom they will elevate on thy downfall. Now is the time! This evening's sun must set for the last time on them or us. Retire from the city, that thy sacred person may be safe, and leave the rest to me.' Mahmoud consented, and went to Dolma Bachtche, (a palace one mile up the Bosphorus,) to await the result. Hussein, then free to act without interruption, headed his yamaks and vigorously attacked the rebels, who, cowardly as they were insolent, offered a feeble resistance, when they found themselves unsupported by the mob, retreated from street to street, and finally took refuge in the Atmeidan. Here their career ended. A masked battery on the hill beyond opened on them, troops enclosed them in, and fire was applied to the wooden buildings. Desperation then gave them the courage that might have saved them at first, and they strove with madness to force a passage from the burning pile; part were consumed, part cut down; a few only got out, among them five colonels, who threw themselves at the aga's feet, and implored grace. They spoke their last.'

Five thousand fell under this grand blow; twenty five thousand perished throughout the whole empire. The next day a hatt-i scherrif was read in the mosques, declaring the Janissaries infamous, the order abolished, and the name an anathema.

This great stroke made a prodigious sensation in Europe, and even the best informed were deceived as to its effects on the future prospects of the Ottoman Empire. By many it was compared to the destruction of the Strulitzes by Peter the Great, and the resurrection of Turkey anticipated from the great reform of Mahmoud, as Moscow arose from the vigorous measures of the Czar. But the cases and the men were totally different. Peter, though a despot, was practically acquainted with his country. He had voluntarily descended to the humblest rank, to make himself master of the arts of life. When he had destroyed the Pratorian guards of Moscow, he built up the new military force of the empire, in strict accordance with its national and religious feelings, and the victory of Pultowa was the consequence. But what did Sultan Mahmoud? Having destroyed the old military force of Turkey, he subjected the new levies which were to replace it to such absurd regulations, and so thoroughly violated the political and religious feelings of the country, that none of the Osmanleys who could possibly avoid it would enter his ranks, and he was obliged to fill them up with mere boys, who had not yet acquired any determinate feelings—a wretched substitute for the old military force of the empire, and which proved totally unequal to the task of facing the veteran troops of Russia. The impolicy of his conduct in destroying and rebuilding, is more clearly evinced by nothing than the contrast it affords to the Sultan Amurath, in originally forming these guards.

'Strikingly,' says Mr. Shade, 'does the conduct of Mahmoud, in forming the new levies, contrast with that of Amurath in the formation of the Janissaries; the measures being parallel, inasmuch as each was a mighty innovation, no less than the establishment of an entire new military force, on the institutions of the country. But Amurath had a master mind. Instead of keeping his new army distinct from the nation, he incorporated it with it, made it conform in all respects to national usages; and the success was soon apparent by its spreading into a vast national guard, of which, in later times, some thousands usurped the permanence of enrolment, in which the remainder, through indolence, acquiesced. Having destroyed these self-constituted battalions, Mahmoud should have made the others available, instead of outlawing them, as it were; and, by respecting their traditional whims and social rights, he would easily have given his subjects a taste for European discipline. They never objected to it in principle, but their untutored minds could not understand why, in order to use the musket and bayonet, and manœuvre together, it was necessary to leave off wearing beards and turbans.'

But Mahmoud, in his hatred, wished to condemn them to oblivion, to eradicate every token of their pre-existence, not knowing that trampling on a grovelling party is the surest way of giving it fresh spirit; and trampling on the principles of the party in question, was trampling on the principles of the whole nation. In his ideas, the Oriental usages in eating, dressing, &c. were connected with the Janissaries, had been invented by them, and therefore he proscribed them, prescribing new modes. He changed the costume of his court from Asiatic to European; he ordered his soldiers to shave their beards, recommending his courtiers to follow the same example, and he forbade the turban—that valued, darling, beautiful head-dress, at once national and religious. His folly therein cannot be sufficiently reprobated; had he reflected that Janissarism was only a branch grafted on a wide spreading tree, that it sprung from the Turkish nation, not the Turkish nation from it, he would have seen how impossible was the more than Herculean task he assumed, of suddenly transforming national manners consecrated by centuries,—a task from which his prophet would have shrunk. The disgust excited by these sumptuary laws may be conceived. Good Mussulmans declared them unholty and scandalous, and the Asiatics, to a man, refused obedience; but as Mahmoud's horizon was confined to his court, he did not know but what his edicts were received with veneration.

If Mahmoud had stopped at these follies in the exercise of his newly-acquired despotic power, it would have been well. His next step was to increase the duty on all provisions in Constantinople, and in the great provincial cities, to the great discontent of the lower classes, which was expressed by firing the city to such an extent that in the first three months six thousand houses were consumed. The end of October, 1826, was also marked by a general opposition to the new imposts; but repeated executions at length brought the people to their senses, and made them regret the loss of the Janissaries, who had been their protectors as well as tormentors, inasmuch as they had never allowed the price of provisions to be raised.—These disturbances exasperated the Sultan. He did not attribute them to the right cause, distress, but to a perverse spirit of Janissarism, a suspicion of harboring which was death to any one. He farther extended his financial operations by raising the miri (land-tax) off over the empire, and in ensuing years, by granting monopolies on all articles of commerce to the highest bidder. In consequence, lands which had produced abundance, in 1830 lay waste. Articles of export, as opium, silk, &c. gave the growers a handsome revenue when they could sell them to the Frank merchants, but at the low prices fixed by the monopolists they lost, and the cultivation languished. Sultan Mahmoud kills the goose for the eggs. In a word,

he adopted in full the policy of Mehmet Ali, who supposed the essence of civilization and of political science to be contained in the word *taxation*; and having driven his chariot over the necks of the dervises, and of the Janissaries, he resolved to tie his subjects to his wheels, and to keep them in dire slavery. A more a more struggle began throughout the empire between the Sultan and the Turks, the former trying to reduce the latter to the condition of the Egyptian fellahs, the latter unwilling to imitate the fellahs in patient submission. The Sultan flatters himself (1830) that he is succeeding, because the taxes he imposed, and the monopolies he has granted, produce him more revenue than he had formerly. The people, although hitherto they have been able to answer the additional demands by opening their hoards, evince a sullen determination not to continue doing so, by seceding gradually from their occupations, and barely existing. The result must be, if the Sultan cannot compel them to work, as the Egyptians, under the lashes of task masters, either a complete stagnation of agriculture and trade, ever at a low ebb in Turkey, or a general rebellion, produced by misery."

The result of these precipitate and monstrous innovations strikingly appeared in the next war with Russia. The Janissaries and dervise boys were destroyed—the Mussulmans everywhere disgusted; the turban, the national dress—the *eyemitar*, the national weapon, were laid aside in the army; and instead of the fierce and valiant Janissaries wielding that dreaded weapon, there was to be found only in the army boys of sixteen, wearing caps in the European style, and looked upon as little better than heretics by all true believers.

"Instead of the Janissaries," says Mr. Slade, "the Sultan reviewed for our amusement, on the plains of Hamis Tchiftlik, his regular troops, which were quartered in and about Constantinople, amounting to about four thousand five hundred foot, and six hundred horse, though beyond being dressed and armed uniformly, scarcely meriting the name of soldiers. What a sight for Count Orloff, then ambassador extraordinary, filling the streets of Pera with his Cossacks and Circassians! The Count, whom the Sultan often amused with a similar exhibition of his weakness, used to say, in reference to the movements of these successors of the Janissaries, that the cavalry were employed in holding on, the infantry knee a little, and the artillery galloped about as though belonging to no party. Yet over such troops do the Russians boast of having gained victories! In no one thing did the Sultan Mahmoud make a greater mistake, than in changing the mode of mounting the Turkish cavalry, which before had perfect seats, with perfect command over their horses, and only required a little order to transform the best irregular horse in the world into the best regular horse. But Mahmoud, in all his changes, took the mask for the man, the rind for the fruit. European cavalry rode flat saddles with long stirrups; therefore he thought it necessary that his cavalry should do the same. European infantry wore tight jackets and close caps; therefore the same. Were this kind adoption of terms only useless, or productive only of physical inconvenience, patience; but it proved a moral evil, creating unbounded disgust. The privation of the turbans particularly affected the soldiers; first, on account of the feeling of insecurity about the head with a fez on; secondly, as being opposed to the love of dress which a military life, more than any other, engenders."

How completely has the event, both in the Russian and Egyptian wars, demonstrated the truth of these principles! In the contest in Asia Minor, Pashawatch hardly encountered any opposition. Rage at the destruction of the Janissaries among their numerous adherents—indignation among the old population, in consequence of the ruin of the dervise boys, and the suppression of the rights of the cities—lukewarmness in the church, from the anticipated innovations in its constitution—general dissatisfaction among all classes of Mahometans, in consequence of the change in the national dress and customs, had so completely weakened the feeling of patriotism, and the Sultan's authority, that the elements of resistance did not exist. The battles were mere parades—the sieges little more than the summoning of fortresses to surrender. In Europe, the ruinous effects of the innovations were also painfully apparent. Though the Russians had to cross in a dry and parched season the pathless and waterless plains of Bulgaria; and though in consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate, and the wretched arrangements of their commissariat, they lost 200,000 men by sickness and famine in the first campaign, yet the Ottomans, though fighting in their own country, and for their hearths, were unable to gain any decisive advantage; and in the next campaign, when they were conducted with more skill, and the possession of Varna gave them the advantage of a depot for their supplies, the weakness of the Turks was at once apparent. In the battle of the 11th June, the loss of the Turks did not exceed 4000 men, the forces on neither side amounted to 40,000 men, and yet this defeat proved fatal to the empire. Of this battle, our author gives the following characteristic and graphic account:

"In this position, on the west side of the Koulevesha hills, Diebitsch found himself at daylight, June 11th, with thirty-six thousand men, and one hundred pieces of cannon. He disposed them so as to deceive the enemy. He posted a division in the valley, its right leaning on the cliff, his left supported by redoubts; the remainder of his troops he drew up behind the hills, so as to be unseen from the ravine; and then with a well grounded hope that not a Turk would

escape him, waited the grand vizir, who was advancing up the defile totally unconscious that Diebitsch was in any other place than before Silistria. He had broke up from Pravodi the day before, on the receipt of his despatch from Schumla, and was followed by the Russian garrison, which had been reinforced by a regiment of hussars; but the general commanding it, instead of obeying Diebitsch's orders, and quietly tracking him until the battle should have commenced, harassed his rear. To halt and drive him back to Pravodi caused the vizir a delay of four hours, without which he would have emerged from the defile the same evening, and have gained Schumla before Diebitsch got into position.

"In the course of the night the vizir was informed that the enemy had taken post between him and Schumla, and threatened his retreat. He might still have avoided the issue of a battle, by making his way transversely across the defiles to the Kamptchik, sacrificing his baggage and cannon; but deeming that he had only Roth to deal with, he, as in that case was his duty, prepared to force a passage; and the few troops that he saw drawn up in the valley on gaining the little wood fringing it, in the morning, confirmed his opinion. He counted on success; yet, to make more sure, halted to let the artillery take up a flanking position on the north side of the valley. The circuitous and bad route, however, delaying this manoeuvre, he could not restrain his impatience of the delhis. Towards noon, 'Allah, Allah, her,' they made a splendid charge; they repeated it, broke two squares, and amused themselves nearly two hours in carving the Russian infantry, their own infantry, the while, admiring them from the skirts of the wood. Diebitsch, expecting every moment that the vizir would advance to complete the success of his cavalry—thereby sealing his own destruction—ordered Count Pahlen, whose division was in the valley, and who demanded reinforcements, to maintain his ground to the last man. The Count obeyed, though suffering cruelly; but the vizir fortunately, instead of seconding his adversary's intentions, quietly remained on the eminence, enjoying the gallantry of his delhis, and waiting till his artillery should be able to open, when he might descend and claim the victory with ease. Another ten minutes would have sufficed to envelope him; but Diebitsch, ignorant of the cause of his backwardness, supposing that he intended amusing him till night, whereby to effect a retreat, and unwilling to lose more men, suddenly displayed his whole force, and opened a tremendous fire on the astonished Turks. In an instant the rout was general, horse and foot; the latter threw away their arms, and many of the nizam dgeditt were seen clinging to the tails of the delhis' horses as they clambered over the hills. So complete and instantaneous was the flight, that scarcely a prisoner was made. Redschid strove to check the panic by personal valour, but in vain. He was compelled to draw his sabre in self-defence; he fled to the Kamptchik, accompanied by a score of personal retainers, crossed the mountains, and on the fourth day re-entered Schumla.

This eventful battle, fought by the cavalry on one side, and a few thousand infantry on the other, decided the fate of Turkey;—immense in its consequences compared with the trifling loss sustained, amounting on the side of the Russians, to three thousand killed and wounded; on that of the Turks, killed, wounded and prisoners, to about four thousand. Its effect, however, was the same as though the whole Turkish army had been slain."

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1833.

DREAM OF GENERAL H—.

"I dreamt that I had said and said to that place, Where the wicked are doomed to repair; And there the devil was sitting with grace. In his red-hot elbow chair. A little way off were sinners, like hey On a field that is newly mown, And the imp with their pitchforks were tossing them up, And laughing to see them come down."

STYGIAN BALLADS.

In the land of "steady habits," is a poor miserable township, called Roxbury, or Rockbury. It is believed to have been originally so denominated from the stony, or rocky nature of the soil; and we are told that this is unquestionably the place where the sheep are obliged to sharpen their noses in order to get them between the stones, so as to pick out the scanty spears of grass. It is, by all accounts, a sterile place; and the people, though they work hard, are for the most part as poor as Cole's cats. The consequence is, they cannot pay their debts; and, as it is still the fashion to punish the misfortune of poverty by imprisonment, these poor people are not unfrequently thrown into jail, there to expiate their sins until such time as they are enabled by the lenity of the law to swear they are not worth a farthing.

Among others of these unfortunate persons, was General H—, a Revolutionary soldier. He was a man of a singular and original humor; and was believed not to be altogether orthodox in matters of faith—for which it is no part of our business to excuse him. Many persons would laugh at his wit, who could not join in his peculiar mode of belief.

General H—, like many another of the Revolutionary band, who had spent their best years in the service of their country, found himself, in the decline of life, not worth a penny. But he did not, like many

others, live to see the pension act passed; and was obliged to depend upon the labor of his hands for the necessities of life. He rented a small patch of land, in the town of Roxbury, which scarcely rendered a better return than his ungrateful country. He got in debt; and as he had not the means to pay, his generous creditors very kindly posted him off to jail.

He had thus repeatedly enjoyed the hospitality of that cold stone house, where a poor man has liberty to go when he can no longer stay at home. He had come out by the act; and been returned; and come out again; and again sent to his place of confinement, once more to swear that he was not worth a penny. These things he bore with the most philosophical resignation; and if he could not discharge his debts, was not backward, on all proper occasions, to let fly a joke.

It was on one of these occasions, of swearing to his poverty, that the General related a remarkable dream, for the edification of the Court—but more particularly for the benefit of his creditor, and some of the principal persons of Roxbury, who were present on the interesting occasion.

"Your Honor may think it strange," said he, addressing the Judge; "that I should be so often indebted to the hospitality of yonder stone house; but—"

"I must say," interrupted the Judge, "though the law is ever ready to allow an asylum in those stone walls to the unfortunate; and though I am ever pleased with your company, General H—; I cannot help being grieved that it is to occasions like this I am so often indebted for the pleasure of your very agreeable conversation."

"Was your Honor ever in the town of Roxbury?" asked the General.

"I have never had that pleasure," said the Judge.

"Then you cannot so well understand," said the General, "the reason of my being so often here; and to place the matter in a more vivid light before your Honor, I beg leave to relate a very curious dream which I lately had while lying on the straw in John Doe's tavern yonder."

"Very well, General," said the Judge, with a smile, "I am sure your illustration cannot but be interesting, as well to the court as to your creditor and your respected fellow townsman, who I perceive are waiting with open ears to hear your story."

"Well then," said the General, "I dreamt that I died and went to the realms of Pluto. As I was travelling thither, being rather old and decrepid, and therefore not making extraordinary headway, I was overtaken by several persons who were travelling the same road; and whom I had been well acquainted with in better times."

"How are you, General H—?" said one—"what! no farther on your way yet? You travel slow."

"Why, yes," said I, "you know I'm rather decrepid, and cannot travel very fast; besides, I am in no particular haste to finish my journey, seeing it is likely to end in a country which will be nowise agreeable to my taste."

"And yet," said my fellow traveller, looking surprised, "you, as well as myself, came from the town of Roxbury."

"True,"—I replied—but yet, if all accounts be correct, the place we are travelling to will be no desirable residence."

"Any place," said he, "in preference to Roxbury." With that, he hastily bade me good bye, and putting forward at a round rate, was soon out of sight."

"I was in a little time overtaken by another of my townsmen, who exclaimed, 'What! is that you, General H—?'"

"It is what remains of me," said I, "but this infernal long road, without any decent taverns on the way, is enough to kill a man."

"For my part," said he, "I only left Roxbury three days ago, and by dint of hard travel I have got thus far on my way."

"What is your haste?" said I.

"Oh," said he, "I'm quite impatient to finish my journey; besides, I want to get as far as I can from Roxbury, in the least possible time."

"And yet," said I, "the country you seem bound to is not so very tempting that you need to hurry yourself at this rate."

"Why, any place before Roxbury," said he; and starting off again at a prodigious pace, he also was shortly out of sight."

"I had not travelled far, before I was accosted by a gentleman on horseback, who came up with his steed all in a foam, and inquired if I had seen two rascally debtors of his, who had lately absconded from Roxbury? It was just in the dusk of the evening, so that I did not at first recognize the face of the gentleman. But he had no sooner spoken, than I perceived him to be my old friend here"—bowing to his creditor.

"A couple of Roxbury men passed me not long ago," said I, "who, for ought I know, may be your debtors, for they seemed to be in a prodigious hurry."

"What! are you here too, General H—?" said he, with astonishment—"I thought I had you fast in jail?"

"Fast bind, fast find, is the old proverb indeed," said I, "but death will at last set the prisoner free."

"Death and the Devil!" exclaimed he, "have you slipped through my fingers in this way? But I'll have you back again—mind me, sir—you don't escape so easy. I'll hasten forward and overtake the others, and you shall post back with me to the other world in short order."

"But where are your officers?" said I, "we're three to one, recollect."

"I don't care if you were twenty to one," said he, "I'll apply to Old Nicholas himself for a posse of constables, but what I'll have you back."

"It may be," said I, "that Old Nicholas will not be so accommodating as you desire; and that, instead of granting the posse of constables, he will even arrest yourself."

"Do you think so?" said he, looking a good deal disturbed, and hesitating whether to proceed.

"I don't know of a better subject for his purpose," I replied.

"But I owe him nothing," he confidently returned, "and should he arrest me, I'll sue him for false imprisonment."

"So you may, when you escape," said I—"but if you once get into the hands of the old fellow, you may calculate upon a long residence in his dominions."

"Well," said he, after studying a moment, "any place in preference to Roxbury—for there's no such thing as collecting a debt there." So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and I also lost sight of him.

In due time I ended my journey, and knocking at the gate of Pluto, the old fellow cried out—"Who's there?"

"General H—."

"Where is he from?"

"Roxbury."

"Roxbury!" he exclaimed in an angry voice, "I've had so many from that place of late, that—howsoever," said he, changing his tone all at once, "as you're a military man, I'll let you in." With that, he unbolted the gate, and received me very politely—seating himself in his red-hot elbow chair, and motioning me to another, which seemed equally hot. I declined the invitation, assuring him I preferred standing.

"As you please, General," said he—"I hope you will excuse my apparent rudeness, in not immediately letting you in, for really to tell you the truth, I've been so plagued with people from Roxbury of late that—"

Just as the devil had got to this point, his speech was interrupted by a loud knocking at the gate, when starting up and undoing the bolt, he put his head out, and asked who was there?

"Peter Poor, from Roxbury," replied the stranger.

"Well then, Peter Poor, from Roxbury," said the devil, "you may go back again."

"I don't want to," said the poor man, sitting down upon a stone, and wiping his eyes.

"But you must though," persisted the devil, "there's no place for you here."

"Oh, do now, good Mr. Devil, let me stay," pleaded the poor man, "any little corner, that you'll please to put me into, will be preferable to Roxbury."

The devil hearing him plead so piteously, and seeing the tears fall from his eyes, was beginning to relent; when—But just at this moment the jailer entering with my breakfast, waked me up, and rubbing my eyes, I saw 'twas all a dream."

As General H— ended his story, the Judge laughed, and asked him if he was now ready to take the oath, and return to Roxbury?

"No," said the General, "I've concluded not to take the oath. It is true I'm not worth a farthing, and my lodgings in yonder walls are not the most comfortable; but, as the poor fellows said down below, any place in preference to Roxbury." G.

DOCTOR DUCKWORTH AND DOCTOR SANGRADO.

One of the morning papers finds fault with the character of Dr. Duckworth, as lately set forth in the *Life and Adventures of that extraordinary personage*, because he is not made to kill his patients by a regular system, like Dr. Sangrado. The writer of the article, had he been a little more observing of the practice of quacks, would have known that they generally pursue no regular system, but for the most part prescribe at random. As one of them once said, they shoot into the tree, and if any thing falls, very well; and if not, 'tis all the same. Indeed it is one of the characteristics of most quacks, that they have no system, and do not pretend to give the why or the wherefore of their prescriptions. Duckworth, however, has one regular system of treating all cases of dropsy, namely, with "brandy and beef."

In the character of Dr. Sangrado, so finely drawn by Le Sage, some prevailing mode of practice, in that

day, was no doubt intended to be ridiculed—and particularly, the doctrine of *specifics*. But in the person of Duckworth, it should be observed, several "single gentlemen are supposed to be rolled into one." He is the representative, not of a particular order of quacks, but of a pretty considerable community of those gentry in general. Was it right then to give such a representative the prominent features of that community, instead of putting him off with merely a nose or a leg of some particular individual; and should not the painter rather take the principal characteristics of his picture from actual observation, than servilely to copy from another, though that other be even the inimitable Le Sage himself?

A PHYSICIAN.

CRYING THE HOUR.—A married gentleman, who had been drinking and carousing with some boon companions till a very late hour, just as he arrived at his own door heard the watchman cry, "Half past two o'clock, and all's well!"

"That will never do," thought he, "to have my wife know I come home at this late hour. I must make the watchman tell a different story."

With that, he seized him by the collar, and dragging up to the door, told him to cry half past eleven. As the honest watchman demurred to this, the husband, being *plenus Bacchi*, or pretty tolerably well corned, up fist and knocked him down. Then presently picking him up again, he bade him cry as he told him, otherwise he would knock him down again. Poor watchy would fain have called for help; but as the spirited husband held his fist ready poised to let drive again, he concluded to do as he was bid: wherefore opening his mouth, he stammered out—"H-h-h-a-l-f p-a-s-t e-l-e-v-e-n o'-c-l-o-c-k, by particular request, and all's well!"

NEWSPAPER PROFITS.—The Washington Globe having lately asserted that the profits of the National Intelligencer, for the last twenty years, had been \$250,000, the Intelligencer declared that this estimate was too high by two hundred per cent: which, if we understand the matter of per centage, means neither more nor less, than that the estimate was one hundred per cent more than the whole—*ergo*, the profits of the National Intelligencer have been, for twenty years past, an hundred per cent less than nothing!

COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The 38th, forming Part X. of Messrs. Conner & Cooke's edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, is just published.

DREAM OF GENERAL H.—A satirical correspondent—who, we trow, has read Mr. Irving's history of "the Devil and Tom Walker," has furnished an article of congenial tone in relation to imprisonment for debt. The Dramatist must preserve his unities, or we should object to being treated with "Stygian ballads," by way of a motto to scenes in which our Roxbury neighbours are actors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We should be happy to gratify our correspondent F. by publishing his manuscript, but do not feel justified in making the alterations which his prosody requires. He should try again, he undoubtedly possesses talent, and we shall be glad to hear from him.

A SAILOR'S OPPOSITION LINE.—The freaks of a sailor on shore with his pockets full of Uncle Sam's bank bills, are often vastly diverting, but the following incident which has been communicated to us is more so than any we have ever heard of. Last Saturday a son of Neptune landed from one of the steam boats in Providence, probably just discharged from the frigate Brandywine, and made sail immediately for one of the stage offices. "Hawl in your bob-stays and avast a bit," said he to the driver, "I want to charter your craft for a passage for myself and baggage to Boston—what d'ye ask?" "Two dollars," answered the driver, "for yourself, and a dollar and a half for your luggage." "None of your tricks, you landlubber," responded Jack, "blast my eyes, if I don't start an opposition if you charge at that rate." The driver persisting, Jack waddled down to a truck-stand—"I say, shipmate, what will you take for your horse and truck, as you call 'em?" The truckman thinking it all a joke, said he would take a hundred and fifty dollars. "I'll give a cool hundred," said Jack. "Done," said Trucky, and at Jack's request, he made out a bill of sale, when much to his surprise, Jack pulled out of his pocket a \$100 bill and handed it over. Trucky, therefore, offered him \$25 to relinquish his bargain, but Jack was determined to start an opposition to that "landlubber up stream" and so mounted his truck with his baggage and drove through the streets offering passage to Boston at half price—sailors free. Not being successful in obtaining passengers, he started off alone, and was passed by the stage coach, a few miles from Providence endeavouring to get through a toll gate, at a less price than the law authorized. We have not heard of his arrival though he will no doubt be here. The horse and truck are said to be worth full \$160.—*Bost. Atlas.*

A CURE FOR PRACTICAL JOKING.—Some few years since, in the county of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H—, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others; his own family was generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night, he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbour's. Some time after, she returned; finding the doors closed, she demanded admittance. "Who are you?" cried Mr. H.—"You know who I am, let me in, it is very cold." "Begone, you strolling vagabond, I want nothing of you here." "But I must come in." "What is your name?" "You know my name, it is Mrs. H." "Begone! Mrs. H. is a very likely woman; she never keeps such late hours as this." Mrs. H. replied—"If you do not let me in I will drown myself in the well." "Do if you please," he replied. She at the same time taking up a log plunged it into the well, and retired to the side of the door. Mr. H. hearing the noise rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She at the same time slipped in and closed the door after her. Mr. H., almost naked, in turn demanded admittance. "Who are you?" she demanded. "You know who I am, let me in, or I shall freeze." "Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here." "But I must come in." "What is your name?" "You know my name, it is Mr. H." "Mr. H. is a very likely man; he don't keep such late hours." Suffice it to say, she, after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and let him in. —*pap.*

AN ODORIFEROUS AFFAIR.—A skunk in his nocturnal rambles through the upper part of the village, called at rather an early hour, about three o'clock in the morning, to pay his respects to a gentleman who lodges on the lower floor—but being accosted in rather a rude manner by the house dog, who was on duty at the time as door-keeper, he ran under the bed and opened his battery until all was blue again. The gentleman, who was not one of those *effeminate* who would "die of a rose in aromatic pain," was roused from his slumbers, dreaming he was in the crater of a volcano of burning sulphur; and being unable to breathe or to reach the door, threw himself out of the window, followed by the dog, who was as anxious to escape from the "villanous compound of sweet smells" as his master, thereby leaving skunky sole lord of the premises. Various expedients were resorted to, in vain, to eject the new comer from his possession; until finally the doors were thrown open, the writs of *ejectment* and *forcible entry* and *detainer* withdrawn, and a polite invitation extended to his skunkship, to quietly be after leave-taking. He resolved to comply; but in passing the ash-hole in the kitchen, he could not forbear to look in, and being delighted with the snug quarters it afforded, determined to take up his abode and brave the consequences. Here a new difficulty arose; a long pole was procured and the tenant of the ash hole was nearly smothered by the unceremonious intrusion and rotatory motion; but he held fast, considering that "possession is nine points of the law." The doors were finally thrown open again, and the assailing party having retreated out of sight the parti-colored gentleman with one eye filled with ashes, took a noncommittal sort of survey of the battle-ground with the other, and finding the coast clear, shouldered his brush, and strutted out of the house, winking and blinking with his one eye with all the self importance of a victorious boxer. But after having, like Xenophon, "made a safe retreat through the enemy's country," was ingloriously shot at and killed, just as he was reaching a place of safety. The house-dog is so much ashamed of his part of the adventure, that he refuses to come near the premises; whilst the family are every moment of *factority* reminded that although "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," a skunk by any name is a genuine *essence pedlar*.—*Concord Patriot.*

"TIGERS" have a very fair prospect of soon becoming out of fashion, or least with the candidates for matrimony. A few days since, as we learn from a Pennsylvania paper, a young gentleman, who was, as the term is, engaged to be married to a buxom young lass in the country, procured his wedding suit, and for fashion's sake had his pantaloons made *tight knee'd*, which exposed a pair of limbs bearing a striking resemblance to the handles of a wheel barrow set up on end. Thus equipped he proceeded at the time appointed to claim his "dear Peggy." The mother, on seeing her intended son-in-law thus suddenly transformed into a monkey, alias, a dandy, screamed out to her daughter, "Peggy, if Peter can't afford cloth enough to make a decent pair of trowsers, he'll never be able to buy the child a frock;" and raising the broom-stick, she forthwith beat a retreat. Peter did retreat; and has not been heard of since!

A FIDLER'S RIB.—Mr. Fidler's rib—Mrs. Fidler—seems to have been a complete thorn in his side.—Much of his work is taken up in keeping a tally of

her groans and grumbings. From his own account of her, she seems to have had a remarkable talent for drinking ale—took whiskey in her tea instead of milk—and, upon the whole, seems to have been a perfect Fidler's wife. By the way, Mr. Fidler's notes sound much more like those of a solemn *lyre* than the merry strains of a violin.—*Bult. Gaz.*

CURIOUS FENCING STUFF.—A couple of Johnny Raws from the country, visited Boston last week, for the first time. On getting out of the Stage Coach, in the centre of the city, they gazed around them for some time in silence. At length one said to the other—"I vow, Jim, I never seen the beat of this afore—did you? The roads are all fenced in with houses."—*Lovell Jour.*

LOTTERY FOR A YOUNG MAN.—An exquisite, who daily exhibits his fair proportions in front of a hotel in Broadway, which at present, shall be nameless, called at our office yesterday morning and to our great surprise, exhibited to us a Paris paper, "*Le Temps*," which he had brought with him from Europe, a few months since. It contained the following singular advertisement. "A young man, twenty-five years of age, of good family, agreeable manners and appearance, with an excellent heart and blessed with all the gifts that nature can bestow, but unfortunately without fortune, has hit upon the following expedient which, if it succeeds, will render him supremely happy, particularly as his good luck will be shared by another."

His plan is to dispose of himself in marriage by lottery, tickets in which may be obtained by all ladies and widows of good family and genteel manners. The price of tickets to young ladies between the age of 15 and 20, to be one dollar, to widows of the same age, without children, two dollars, with children, three dollars; young ladies between the age of 20 and 30, three dollars; widows of the same age, without children, four dollars—with children five dollars. [We need not continue to enter into further particulars of the price of tickets—suffice it to say, that they increase in price with the age of the lady purchasing them. When her years exceed fifty, the price increases in arithmetical progression.] When the sum of eighty thousand dollars is thus raised by the sale of tickets, the amount shall be invested in the hands of trustees, and the lottery drawn. The fair and fortunate holder of the highest number shall then be immediately introduced to the gentleman in question, and ninety days afterwards shall decide whether she thinks him calculated to make her happy in the married state. If she does, the nuptials shall be immediately celebrated, he receiving as her dower the sum raised by the sale of tickets. If she does not, the sum shall be divided between them, and each be allowed to seek a partner more congenial to their tastes.

The gentleman who called on us was anxious to know our opinion on the feasibility of thus disposing of himself by lottery here. We recommend him to apply to Messrs. Yates & McIntyre, they being more conversant than we are with such subjects.—*Cour. & Eng.*

ANIMAL INSTINCTS.

Some interesting notices on this subject, as connected with the sounds which answer for speech with a part of the feathered tribe, are supplied by a correspondent of *Waldie's Journal of Belles Lettres*.

"Ducks hatched under a hen receive instruction from her different from that they would learn from the parent duck, and a different mode of perception is very apparent in them, from that exercised by chickens hatched by a hen. Last summer I permitted a pet hen to hatch in a room I daily occupied. The chicks seemed to break the shell nearly at the same time, and protruded their heads from the breast of their mother with the lively chirp they generally use. When I approached the nest the fowl uttered a sharp cry by which every voice was stilled, all glanced eagerly at me, but not a sound was emitted by one. After stopping to witness this effort, I advanced still nearer, when the hen gave a hoarse guttural note, and every head disappeared instantly, and each chick nestled for security, and was hidden, beneath the parent. The difference in the tone of the cry was very distinguishable, but that upon the first appearance or suspicion of danger, so short a time after birth, the chicks should understand the language of the mother fowl, appeared to me a subject worthy of attention.

This knowledge was *instinctive*, that is, certain cries of the mother caused certain sensations of the chicks which induced distinct, definite and decided action in correspondence with the intention of the parent fowl.

There was no previous experience to inculcate the intelligence, the results were prompt, however, without hesitation or doubt, immediately after birth, for I heard the first cries of the emryo birds.

This spring, one of these same chickens now grown up, came to lay in the same corner of my room where it was hatched, and several of the brood showed similar inclinations, although they were carried from the apartment as soon as I had made the observations I have stated above, and were not permitted to frequent it after they had left the nest. I allowed one of them to lay in a section of an improved beehive, in the same spot where it was born, and when she showed a dis-

position to sit, duck eggs were placed under her instead of her own.

When the young ducks were hatched I narrowly watched their behaviour, and found by their manner that they were perfectly ignorant of the meaning of the sounds uttered by the hen, and of the peculiarities of language by which she enticed them to food, or warned them of danger. Her cries did not excite in them those instinctive sensations which were so readily comprehended by chicks. It was only by the experience of the ducklings, and careful instruction of the foster parent, that they became aware of her intentions. The coincident effects of language and of food, of signs and of shelter soon taught them to know and appreciate her wishes.

Ducks hatched by ducks instinctively understand the language of their own kind, like fowls, but they are taught *another tongue*, by the same means we are instructed in a strange language, however confined may be its extent. This is a trifling matter, but I think it a *curious* trifle, offering a very singular analogy. Dogs are made to comprehend the language of their masters, and if the master is a Frenchman or German, the dog must be addressed in German or in French, to understand the orders given. Horses learn to know the intentions of their owners by a language of tones or cries, different from those used by their own kind; and varying with the masters and among different nations. Pigs, elephants, parrots and sheep, all exhibit similar facilities. The ancients have characterised the *language of animals* by many beautiful and sensible images, to understand which we must know and observe the peculiarities and diversities of *natural character* which abound in the living world.—*RUSTICUS.*

FRATERNAL REGARD.—The papers furnish the annexed illustration of the mutual attachment of the Royal brothers of Portugal, whose names are so much before the public:—

"Don Miguel lately visited his army before Oporto, and at one time in riding along the lines, was visible to his dear brother, Don Pedro; the two worthies, accounts state, simultaneously cocked their respective telescopes to their eyes, and viewed each other, 'like two strange cats in a garret.' On Pedro's putting down his glass, he remarked to Sir John M. Doyle, '—me, if I see any alteration in the scamp?' and we have heard from Head-Quarters, that, by a 'curious coincidence,' so closely did their fraternal knowledge and feelings assimilate, that Miguel, on finishing his examination of his brother's 'mog,' exclaimed, 'He has the same scheming vagabond countenance he always had!'"

From the N. Y. Atlas.

CURSORY COMMENTS—NOTES AND NOTABILIA.

"*Varium et mutabile semper.*"

Mrs. Trollope's Apology.—The Philadelphia Gazette gives it in these words:—"Mrs. T. has recently addressed a letter to a lady in this country, in which she begs that her correspondent will not entertain any unkind feelings in relation to her book upon the Americans. 'I had a husband and eight children to support,' she remarks, 'and found myself compelled to do something for their maintenance.' This acknowledgment was actually made, and has been mentioned to us from good authority."

Her ladyship is now trying her powers in *acknowledged* fictions. We observe a new novel announced, under the name of the "Abbess." As, judging from the title, the scene is not laid in the United States, we presume she intends to forage for her husband and children among the people of some other territory.

The lady has gained for herself more than one kind of distinction—for we observe, that among the pictures at the late exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, there was a portrait of Mrs. Trollope, said to be "a good likeness."

Superstition.—Every body, we hold, is, or in suitable circumstances, varying greatly in different instances, would be, more or less superstitious. We consider ourselves as little subject to such shadowy influences as most persons, but would not dare promise what effect certain concurrences might produce upon us—we have seen such unexpected results on others. Whether this be owing to the supernatural terrors with which most persons, however carefully they may have been looked after by their parents, have been alarmed in childhood, or to the consequences of the Fall of Adam, we do not pronounce; but the fact is clear. We remember to have heard it said—and were in no small degree entertained by the statement—that in some sections of this country (we know not how extensively) it was the prevailing opinion that *water* would not extinguish the conflagration of a house kindled by the stroke of a thunderbolt; and a case was related to us in which milk was employed for this end. As may be supposed, the supply being deficient, the edifice was consumed. This seems scarcely a credible story; but we have been reminded of it, and its probability is strengthened by a paragraph which has just met our notice. In a recent thunder storm in New Hampshire, three persons were struck with lightning and killed. The writer informs us that he saw the bodies upon the floor in the back part of the house, "where they were bathed in milk and water, which was an ineffectual attempt to restore life." Now, since we can conceive of no possible reason for the use of milk, as here described, aside from the notion that there is something supernatural in the lightning's blast, and to which, therefore, common water is inapplicable, we adopt this explanation, in conformity with the statement to which we have alluded.

Desirable Talent.—A gentleman advertising for a situation for the month of August, gives notice, that he "can make himself perfectly happy without incurring any inconvenience."—"This, alone, may not be deemed a recommendation; but, if he can do as well by others, as by himself, we think he will not be long out of place."

ODE TO CALUMEL.

WRITTEN DURING A FILLIQUET ATTACK.

O! thou tyrant of the water men,
 Whom thou canst smother in the brain,
 And brutalize the heart,
 My couched tongue shall dare complain,
 All powerful as thou art;
 And though I write within thy chain,
 I'll lift my head and howl, albeit I howl in vain.

I think thou art the blood of the arch fiend,
 That steepest the brightness from the eye,
 The beauty from the cheek;
 Thou hast the best affections hid,
 The strongest hand to break—
 Forth is a hell while thou art by,
 And a dull yellow veil the azure of the sky.

Then Calumel, thou great deliverer! come;
 Parge from my eye this ocean hue,
 And pour my tears again;
 Make me benevolent and true,
 And put to other men;
 And the first worthy deed I do,
 I'll own, O Calumel! my verse is from you.

West. Monthly Mag.

THE BLACK PATRIOT.

'Go, tell the blue-eyed daughter of thy tribe—
 Thy snowy love—Calumel's soul is white!'

Lamoral.

It was, I think, in the month of February, 1831, that the slaves of Martinique rose, and fired several of the plantations. They had nearly obtained possession, also, of St. Pierre, the chief commercial place on the island; and had they done so, we cannot even imagine how great the slaughter would have been, for the conspiracy appears to have been nearly universal. I was there the spring following. We ran over during the night in a small schooner, from the neighbouring island of Saint Lucia, for the purpose of smuggling in certain Madras handkerchiefs, which the government officers admit only after dark. By daybreak, we had landed our goods, and set sail for Port Royal, the little town at which we were to be put ashore. As the light gradually broke upon the harbor, we saw the various craft that were laying there, and the little boats gliding to and fro; and beyond, the forts, with their frowning armament; and still beyond them, the mountains, peak rising beyond peak, covered with clouds; while below, the roofs and spires of the town, became slowly visible; and the hush of the night went by, the oarsmen pulled with a bolder, louder stroke; and the hum of voices came stealthily from the town, the toll of the convent bell rose upon the calm clear air, and anon, the word of command was heard from the garrison, and then the peal of the drum, and then the bold, awakening cannon, that proclaimed sunrise, for though we still lay in the shade, the summits of the hills, where the mist had rolled away, were light, and where they still lingered, there seemed a garment of flame. It was a Sabbath morning, and we saw the ladies, and female slaves from the plantations, as they wound their way upon their mules down the mountain side, some in dresses of pure white, and some decked out in the gorgeous style that is so pleasing to African taste.

In the course of time, those petty tyrants of all tyrant lands, the custom-house officers, came off and overhauled our baggage, and gave us leave to get on shore as fast as we pleased; and for one, I was pleased enough to tread again on terra firma. We had our trunks placed under cover, and then walked up by the parade-ground, where a score of unfortunate recruits were drilling, to the police office, to get our passports endorsed. As we passed near the beach where the boats are hauled up which ply to and fro along the coast, a tall and fine-looking negro stepped up to us, and doffing his piece of a hat, asked, in broken English, if we wished to go up to St. Pierre. My companion, who was a West Indian of twenty years standing, answered in the Creole-French, that we should be very glad of his services in half an hour, if it should please his sublime majesty, the officer of police, to get out of bed by that time, and attend to us. The black promised to await our return. That black, said Alexander, as we walked on, is one of the most remarkable men in this island, and if he wasn't black, would deserve immortality. He was three months ago chief slave on a plantation, a mile or two from town; at the time of the insurrection, he was made acquainted by the infernal rascals with the mischief afoot, and was offered the principal command of the matter in that quarter, for the wretches knew his talents and energy well enough. But he refused, as has since appeared upon the examinations, to have anything to do with the plot; and used all his eloquence and influence to break it up. He said it would not, and could not succeed; and that the certain consequences of going on would be death to the whole race; and more than that even if they were to succeed, and kill every white man on the island, it would be the worse for them, for then they would either murder one another, or the whites of the other islands would come down and invade them. But reason to a nigger, is like roasting a piece of ice; and they would not listen to a word he said. In fact, they still tried to tempt him; they offered him money, for some of these slaves are immensely rich, that is to say, worth five or six hundred dollars; they offered to make him king of the island, but he utterly refused all their trumpery. Then, finding he would not act with them, and going upon the principle that all that were not with were against them, the devils determined to murder him; three several times they mixed poison with his food, and three several times his skill discovered and avoided their villainy. But never did he hint to the whites what was going on; he felt under a kind of obligation to keep secret, and rather die than

reveal what was confided to him in trust. At length the day came for the rising; you know how it was baulked; the governor and his troops arrived in St. Pierre, just in time to prevent the massacre. This was mere accident, but the blacks said Louis had betrayed them. They accordingly set about killing him once more, and would have done it long since, I doubt not, if his master had not sent him from the estate, and made him a present of this boat, which he means to take us up in, by navigating which, he makes his bread, that is to say, his yam and banana. When the examinations were gone into respecting the conspiracy, Louis was overhauled with the rest; his innocence was evident from the spite the other slaves felt toward him, but then he himself declared that he knew all about it, though he refused to betray his companions, as resolutely as he had refused to join them. The government had half a mind to hang him for his obstinacy—for honor in a black was too absurd—but his master had some influence, and got him off; however, I've doubts if they don't nab him yet, provided a good excuse offers. And here my worthy friend stopped. He had illustrated his tale with sundry whiffs of his stick, compressions of his mouth, and gatherings of the eyebrow, which none but a West Indian can well understand, and which I, at least, cannot make visible upon paper. I asked him various questions relative to Louis, where he was born, whether he had any education, &c.—the answers to all which I will not at present disclose. Suffice it to say, that in due time we got the passport-man fairly out of his nest, and had the pleasure of being cheated out of a few dollars, under the disguise of fees. Alexander and myself—this farce being through—walked down to the beach again. The little boats or pirogues in which human beings are transported hither and thither among these islands, are not unlike a North American canoe. On the high stern, sits the steer-man with his paddle; immediately in front of him, extends a low long roof, supported on either side by small upright posts, under which the wayfaring man creeps, and stretched upon a wholesome mattress of matting, one quarter of an inch thick, lies at full length, awaiting the pleasure of his black sailors. The roof, I spoke of, shields him from the sun, and the sides being open above the gunwale of the boat, he looks forth on the one hand upon the dark blue ocean, and upon the other, up to the high, steep mountains, with their vestment of clouds, their forest-clad sides, and lower down, upon the dark green of the coffee plantations, and beneath them, upon the lighter fields of the sugar cane, which stretch from the sea inward, up each valley and over every plain. The sea itself is ever slumbering, for the trade wind, though it wafts down to you the fragrance of ten thousand flowers and uncounted fruits, will scarce create a ripple by the shore; and in these realms of eternal spring, there is no tide. But the boat is ready, the helmsman has taken his seat, the three stout negroes have prepared their immense oars—for the sails are yet fast to the two taper masts—so creep into your cubby-house, and if you must, be content to die, for out of that shell you'll find it hard to escape—and the danger of an upset is not small, by the way, for when we have cleared the harbor, and catch the breeze, this little cockle shell will be skimming the waters right merrily. I have known a man pay his slaves treble passage-money to row him the whole way. Alexander, who was a bit of a coward, crept into the aftersaid tenement feet foremost, that he might scramble out more at leisure, in case we went over; but I had not been smuggling, and feeling a lighter conscience, had fewer apprehensions of going to the bottom.

While we were paddling down the harbor, I took a physiognomical and phrenological survey of our pilot, master Louis, through my back window. He was a negro of the true ebony cast of countenance, black and shining as an Englishman's boot; his features too, were of the African cast, thick and gross; but yet in the arrangement of the features, which is more truly indicative perhaps of the character than either their form or acquired expression, there was something of mind, of determination, of self-possession, that is not often met with among the blacks. Of his head I saw little, it was eclipsed by the waning glories of a straw hat in the last quarter. My speculations upon my negro friend, however, were interrupted by observing that our seamen were loosening the sails, and that in a few moments we should clear the point of land which forms the north boundary of the harbor. And soon the point was cleared, and the sails were one moment shivering in the air, and then drawn tight, and the negroes stretched themselves upon the windward side of the boat, in true negro listlessness; and faster and faster our round-bottomed, keelless canoe sped over the just ruffled waters; and farther and farther she leaned seaward, as she came under the influence of the wind; the water to leeward was within an inch of the gunwale, and then it was even, and then we took in a mouthful. As she leant over, the negroes sat upon the weather edge; and as she leant yet farther, they threw their bodies beyond the side, supporting themselves by cords attached to the mast-head, and yet deeper the little boat dipped, and the negroes stood up upon the edge, and leaned and leaned farther and farther, until they were perpendicular to the masts and side, and hanging above the water only by the line in their hands; and now should the wind lull, and the boat right, what a fine ducking they would have. Hark! the steer-man, who is watching the water, and knows from the ripple when the breeze comes, and when the calm, speaks to them in his heterogeneous French, and in an instant they are all in the boat; and as they plump down into the bottom, the wind lulls, the masts rise, and we glide for a time un-

der the shade of the mountain. That past, again comes the wind, and again we are barely kept from being flooded by the living counterpoises; and thus we speed along at the rate of ten, twelve, fourteen miles per hour. It was the prime of the morning when we arrived at St. Pierre; we paid Louis, shook his hand with deep respect, and walked up the Rue de l'Hospital, to Betsey Parker's. In the course of a few days, I returned to St. Lucia, and was not at Martinique again for nearly a month.

I then went over to meet the British mail-boat, which runs along the chain of Windward islands monthly to St. Thomas.

One of the first things I heard upon my arrival in St. Pierre was, that there was to be a great execution of the slaves engaged in the insurrection, the next day; and moreover, that Louis, the identical Louis with whom I had sailed from Port Royal, was one of the number. The last part of his career, was of a piece with that spoken of before; I will give it in a few words.

Soon after my first visit to Martinique, there had been symptoms of another rising, and every one was in fear and trembling; stores were closed, and soldiers paraded, and a vast many words used up. Among the other signs, a new attempt was made to kill Louis; and many slaves said openly, there would never be quiet till he was gone. This idea once abroad, the government began to look with a jealous eye again upon poor Louis; who, ignorant of the double snare that was set for him, quietly pursued his way, in defiance of his fellow blacks, until some friend advised, and prevailed upon him to clope, and secrete himself awhile in the country. At this move, the whole pack burst out in full cry; the slaves said the government had secreted him, and vowed more fearful revenge than ever; the government, on the other hand, swore that he was the head man of the whole, that this attempted killing was all sham, and that he had now gone loose to organize another scheme of bloodshed; and forth went descriptions, and offers of rewards, and threatenings, and all the paper artillery of the police department. Meanwhile, Louis, in the country residence which his old master, or some other true friend had provided for him, ruminated and moralized upon, we know not what exactly, but probably upon the folly of being honest. At last, rumor brought to his ears the state of things at the capital; the island was in a complete turmoil, because they could not, either blacks or whites, catch him for a sacrifice. I know not what were the reasonings of Louis upon the state of things, nor what his motives for his next step, further than he explained them himself.

It was late in the evening, and the council were met in solemn conclave to try to think what could be done; nothing, however, could be thought of, and the members were about addressing themselves to a small sleep before separating, when the door opened, and Louis the slave, walked into the midst of the assembly. Had the arch fiend himself appeared, I am told they would not have been more alarmed; for they thought the whole population of Martinique was at his heels. The governor felt for his sword; the secretary got behind his chair; the second in command laid hold of the public inkstand; poor Louis looked upon their terror-stricken faces, with wonder and compassion. At last, having ascertained that he was alone, and having sent for the jailer to come down with his irons, order was restored, a company of grenadiers surrounding the culprit to prevent accidents. Then it was that Louis explained himself; he told them why he had fled to the forest; he told them of his entire innocence, but innocent though he might have been till then, 'I should be guilty,' said he, 'were I to suffer war and murder to go on because I live; take me, let my death calm your fears, and satisfy my brethren's passions; this island is my country, my world; here I was born, here I will die; if my country, if all that live it must suffer, because I live, I do not wish to live; Louis has not been a slave so long to fear to die when you will; I am yours.' I did not, of course, bear this speech, but I have heard the creole negro speak; yea argue his own cause in a court of justice, and there was not the white man present that could stand before him; lawyers, judges, and spectators, prejudiced as they are against blacks, were borne away by his eloquence. I know not if Louis spoke like him, but I can well think he did: at any rate he gained his point, the council declared his life forfeit, and to induce such brave and generous spirits to do so, must have demanded eloquence.

The morning of the execution was cold and rainy, that is to say, cold for the tropics. I took my umbrella and walked down to the beach. There stood the quiet, unassuming gallows, reminding me of some politicians, from whose easy and inoffensive bearing you would hardly argue the effectual service they perform. Little knots of people were gathering already about the shop doors, and along the principal street. I walked to and fro, and listened to the scraps of talk that filled the air, until the clock struck ten, and the criminals were brought out. There were between twenty and thirty of them, some of whom were to be merely scourged; they walked two and two; one of the front couple I at once knew to be Louis; the other, I learnt, had murdered three of his master's children, though he was not more than fifteen. Louis walked with the same strong step, and upright bearing that had distinguished him when a mere slave. His hands were tied behind him; his head and feet were bare. By his side walked a priest, but I fear that the negro heard few of the words of comfort which the good man administered. His eye was fixed upon the ground, though now and then it would for a moment glance upon the bystanders; his lips moved,

though he uttered no sound. His entire abstraction was evidenced by an incident that occurred as he past where I stood. A broken glass bottle lay in the street; he struck his naked foot against it, and cut himself severely. But he neither saw the blood, nor felt the pain, but walked on as though unharmed; and of all that followed, though most looked to the ground, not one appeared to notice the stain upon the pavement.

The gallows was soon reached; the murderer, as well he might, shrunk from the ladder, but Louis ascended calmly, and without faltering. One by one, the rest followed. In a moment the sign was given, and with a herd of murderers and wretches, Louis past into eternity.

Above the bones of that slave and criminal, there is no monument to tell his story; those that knew it in Martinique are fast forgetting it, for he was a negro; but there has ever been to me something in it of more than ordinary interest. There is no doubt of his perfect innocence; there is no doubt that he might have lived had he chosen to; there is no doubt that he suffered martyrdom that others might be at peace; and he did it undauntedly, though no voice cheered him, though he knew his name would be accused, and his memory be with that of felons. The conviction of these things has made me respect him, and respect him as a true, bona fide patriot.—Western Monthly Magazine.

SHAVING FOR CHARITY.

The information supplied respecting this process we derive by abridgment from the History of a Spanish Barber, by Don T. de Trueba, author of the Spanish Romance of History, &c.

'Whilst I was gazing on all that passed, a tall, meagre, elderly man approached, and fixed a look upon me. 'What, are you a mendicant, too?' said he, in a morose tone of voice. 'Are you not ashamed to beg?—a strong-looking youth!'

'Sir, interposed I, indignantly, 'you are mistaken; I am not a pauper.'

'Why don't you endeavour to get an honest livelihood by industry and labour?'

'I wish I could. The happiness of my life would be to help myself by honest and industrious means.'

'Ah! and what can you do?'

'Anything you please.'

'That is a vague answer,' quoth the stranger, shaking his head. 'Every thing is—nothing.'

I did not comprehend the solidity of this latter piece of logic. After a pause he continued, 'What have you been accustomed to do hitherto, boy?'

'Go on errands—sweep a sacristy—serve mass—draw water from a well—clean knives—sing the litanies—light the tapers—dust the altars—put holy water in the basin—help to dress the holy Virgin—wash the convent dog—carry the basket for the blessed souls in purgatory—and receive beatings.'

My questioner exhibited a serious face and a puzzled look, as I enumerated the list of my accomplishments; he seemed evidently surprised, but yet my multifarious merits did not appear to suit him, for after a moment's reflection, he demanded, 'And pray have you never been employed in any thing else?'

'Oh yes, sir,' answered I, quickly. 'I was once called to personate the guardian angel in the procession of Maundy Thursday; but my performance must have been inefficient, as it procured me the most unmerciful thrashing with which my carcass has yet been made acquainted.'

Whether my vivacity of tone and manner pleased the stranger, or whether it were mere necessity that prompted his determination, he offered me a situation in his establishment. 'Will you follow me to my house?'

'I will, Senor, with pleasure.'

'Can you be faithful?'

'Si Senor.'

'I shall require very little of you, and you will lead a very pleasant life; indeed, it will be your own fault if you are not happy. Come along.'

I obeyed, and followed the stranger. What a fortunate youth was I to have found employment so soon! One thing alone displeased me, that was the external appearance of my new master. His thin, skinny, cadaverous aspect—his sunken eyes—and his more than ordinarily shabby attire, gave no favourable indication of wealth and comfort. We at length arrived at his residence. I had not been mistaken in my unpleasant forebodings. His shop—for my new master kept one—was situated in a retired, poor, and dirty street in the Barrio de Triana, which, as you know, Don Felix, is not the most creditable parish in Seville, either for the rank, wealth, or respectability of its inhabitants. One half of a tin shaver's basin, hung out from a crooked red stick, gave at once the signal for stopping, and of acquainting me with the pursuits of my master. He was indeed a barber; but alas! not a barber such as my imagination had conceived. Where was the gaiety, whim, and pleasantry which I had connected with the tonsorial profession?—where was the anecdote, the joyous laugh, the light guitar! Ah! Senor, Anton Mendrugio, was the very antipodes of a regular thorough-bred and accomplished barber. His appearance, austere looks, and stiff lugubrious deportment, would have befitted him much better for acting as a familiar of the holy office. I entered the narrow and filthy shop—my heart fell within me; awful symptoms of want and wretchedness struck most unpleasantly my eyes. Two invalid wooden chairs, a dirty napkin, three quarters of a tarnished old-fashioned looking-glass, a villainous print of the holy family, with a very robber-like St. Joseph on the foreground, and a heavy lubberly hugo angel!

supposed to be performing some cumbrous evolutions on the air—a shelf containing the requisites for the barber's avocations, and an empty bird-cage, formed the whole furniture and appendages of the uncomfortable tenement.

'And what's the use of this cage,' inquired I.

'My last goldfinch died yesterday,' answered the barber, in a lugubrious tone. 'A pretty creature, although it did not sing half as well as the other.'

'What other?'

'The *pobrecito* bird—the incomparable goldfinch that died three weeks ago.'

'Oh! you had another goldfinch? You are partial to goldfinches.'

'Why I cannot say but I prefer a *thrush*; but then thrushes are such expensive creatures! My last thrush was really too greedy and ravenous, and so—'

'You let it go?'

'It died about six weeks since. Really, I don't know how it is, but I cannot keep a bird longer than a month or two at the very utmost. Indeed, my favorite canary only lived a week! There is a fatality in the air of this street, I should imagine.'

I opened my eyes wide, and my mouth also, involuntarily at this curious intelligence. This mortality of birds was far from being of a consolatory nature to beings of a different species. Alas! a lean, miserable-looking dog, with scarcely strength enough to move, raised his disconsolate eyes as we entered, and fixed a most imploring look on its master.

'Ah, Valiente!' exclaimed Anton, addressing the starving canine guardian of his shop, 'there you are, as usual, on the look-out for some bit to pamper your gluttony. Well, there, take that and feast, greedy thing.' Saying this, he threw at the starving wretch a half-rotten apple, which he had picked up in the street, as we were going along.

Anton Mendrugo's residence was the very temple of famine—the favourite shrine of starvation; though neither a glutton nor a sensualist, I cannot say that a purely ascetic system of feeding, much less a rigorous course of fasting, was ever to my liking, nor indeed did it agree at all with my constitution; then judge, O Don Felix, what must have been my feelings when the dreary prospect of the barber's penury flashed in lucid colours before my active imagination! I, who had been brought up in a convent, was not a likely person to approve of, much less be pleased with, such an extraordinary course of abstinence. Well, sir, I observed in silence, making nevertheless a prudent vow to quit my master's service as soon as I should find other accommodation; I was not yet so tired of life as to wish to follow the example of the lugubrious shaver's goldfinches and thrushes. You may suppose, Don Felix, that I am prone to exaggeration, but I can assure you on the most sacred and solemn vows, that what the ingenious Don Francisco de Quevedo says of the celebrated pedagogue Calabr, was nothing in comparison to what I saw in my master's house—

'Now, boy,' said the barber, when we were fairly installed in the shop, 'I shall not require much; you are only to take care of the shop, sweep dust, &c., go on errands, and help me to shave. I will teach you the art of shaving *gratis*, and you shall have your victuals besides. In the course of two years, when you are fully competent to shave the chin of a gentleman intrusted to your care, we shall talk of wages. But, indeed, before this period arrives—before you can shave a customer that pays well, you must undergo an assiduous course of study—you must practice daily, and watch the dexterity of my hand.'

'But how am I to acquire this practice of which you speak?'

'Que simple!' croaked the barber, with a wistful smile; 'I see you are totally ignorant of the ways and means of our profession.'

Hereupon Anton Mendrugo initiated me into the mysteries of his calling. The information afforded was, forsooth, excessively curious and amusing. I was to acquire skill in the tonsorial art by operating on the plebeian chins, and about half-a-dozen predestinated visages per day. Being naturally of a kind disposition, I felt an inward pang in anticipation, for the poor victims that were doomed to come under instruction in the shaver's art. I shall never forget my first lesson and achievement; it was on a poor, barefooted, Franciscan friar. You know, Don Felix, that friars and mendicants are in the habit of asking to be shaved for charity; the usual way of asking this boon is by exclaiming in a nasal tone, 'Pray, brother, shave me for the love of God.' However pious barbers may be I cannot really swear that the repeated visits of this kind of customers were productive of any extraordinary degree of pleasure. Notwithstanding the sanctity of the appeal, I have observed that the most determined sinners, who bounced into the shop with an oath and a purse, were invariably better attended and better shaved than the devout persons who walked gently in, backed by such strong recommendations as the love of Heaven. There must be some strange anomaly in all this: my master never missed mass, nor did he neglect any of his religious duties. He poked in high terms of praise of friars and other devout personages, and he told his rosary twice a day. Yet, by some very singular contradiction, he happened to be far more expert in his art for the love of money, than the love of God. Well, Don Felix, the morning after my arrival, a sturdy friar, with a most stubborn and rebellious superfluity of hair on his chin, topped into the shop with the usual demand—'Herano quiere afeitar por el amor de Dios?'

My master thought this an excellent opportunity for commencing my practical studies in the tonsorial art.—Mendrugo invited the friar to set down in that real

stool of penitence, and bade me make ready to operate on the chin of the holy man. The most villainous razor of the whole collection was put into my hand—the razor which was set apart for such customers as wished to be shaved for charity, and I, with some misgivings as to the degree of guilt I was about to incur in torturing a fellow-creature from whom I had received no offence, prepared reluctantly for the cruel undertaking! Mendrugo, with admirable coolness, witnessed all the while one of the most iniquitous and murderous examples of tonsorial atrocity ever recorded in the annals of shaving. Only conceive, sir, that I had never held razor in my hand before; conceive also, that my patient possessed one of the most still, rebellious and abundant beards that ever clouded a chin; conceive, besides, if you please, that no soap, no razor, had come in contact with that unfortunate chin for the space of a week or so, and when you have conceived all this, you may draw your just conclusions at leisure. I enveloped the predestinated visage in a profusion of suds. Ah! what a moment! I felt like an executioner on the point of fulfilling his odious task! My victim, unconscious of the forthcoming torture, sat in mute silence and with contented look. Probably he had never been shaved for charity, or at least not by a tonsor of my calibre. Perhaps, too, he was inured to the process, and indeed the length of his beard indicated that he was willing to undergo the infliction only once a week. However, be this as it may, there is no doubt that the memorable day in which he became acquainted with me can never be obliterated from the tablets of his memory.

Well, sir, with a mental and fervent prayer for the remission of the cruel sin I was about to commit, I began the sanguinary operation, inflicting two or three small preliminary scratches by way of a sample of what was further to be expected from my abilities. I commenced in a very barber-like fashion, and then passed the razor, or rather a rusty saw, on the palm of my hand, in the most perfect safety. Then I seized the patient by the nasal organ, and began to scrape in admirable style. A sigh was first heard, and then a groan—then another, and a deeper groan—and then a pathetic remonstrance.

'Brother, what are you about—for heaven's sake take care!'

My master answered for me. 'Be easy, padre, the boy knows his duty well enough—he easy!'

'Then the razor don't cut!'

Now, how the friar dared say this, having received such practical demonstration to the contrary, was indeed very singular.

'A sweet razor that,' quoth master Mendrugo; 'may the blessed St. Joseph abandon me if 'tis not the best in the shop—an excellent razor indeed—fit to shave a bishop himself.'

I continued my operation, lacerating and scarifying the unfortunate Franciscan's face in the most awful manner. Blood and suds in mingled fraternity disfigured the lower part of a visage, which was covered in its upper regions by copious perspiration and tears, writhed forth by excruciating pain.

At this terrible moment a cat chanced to mew in a most piteous manner. 'What can the matter be with that cat?' exclaimed Mendrugo.

'I suppose they are shaving him for the love of God,' answered the friar, in a dolorous tone, starting at the same time from his seat of torture. He did not wait for the task to be finished, but in a mood of mixed pain and indignation suddenly quitted the shop, mumbling something between his teeth, which I flatter myself was a blessing for the service I had just done him—a *Dios se lo pague*.

When the Franciscan was gone, my master calmly said, 'Well, Gil, considering 'tis your first lesson, you've acquitted yourself in a tolerable way. You will do better as you proceed. Certainly, you had a most unfavorable beard to commence with, and therefore I am not surprised that the friar should have got more than the average share of gashes, cuts, and scratches, which is usual on these occasions.'

The praise of Master Anton Mendrugo did not make me vain—I could not reconcile it to my conscience to torture unoffending men day after day in this barbarous manner. Part of the victim's sufferings might have been spared, if the old curmudgeon had allowed me to operate with a tolerable razor; but upon my remonstrating upon the subject, he very coolly replied—

'Master Gil, you are a marvellously generous and charitable man! Who ever heard the like! Am I to be ruined in razors, merely to spare a little pain to persons who only pay me with a *Dios se lo pague*. The fact is, that I cannot afford to lose so much even as I do in more charity—*ayay*! as you don't pay for it, you no doubt think that razors, soap, water, &c. are to be had in Saville for the asking, that literally you may pick them up in the streets.'

I had scarcely been a week in Mendrugo's house, when I longed to quit his service. Independent of the butcheries I was called upon to perpetrate every day, I could not accustom myself to the spare diet to which the whole establishment, *id est*, my master, the dog, and myself were subjected. I was dying by inches, so was the dog, and so was a chaffinch, which entered that place of woe and starvation the day after my arrival. However, the fate of the feathered sufferer I most humanely averted, by letting it fly whilst my master was absent.

'Holloa! where's the chaffinch? what! already dead?' said he.

'Yes, sir,' answered I, quietly.

'Tis very strange, this one has lasted less time

May God render it back to you.

Accursed dog.

than the others; and what have you done with its mortal remains?'

'Oh! I—I—gave them to the dog—he looked for them so imploringly.'

'Ah! this *maldito perro*! I never saw such a ravenous brute! he will eat anything. Bless me! I wonder it don't thrive better!'

Saying this, he bestowed a kick on the innocent animal; the dog gave us each a growl and a look of indignation for the calumny I had invented to his prejudice, and the unwelcome favour it called from the barber. My master was more anxious to keep me in his employment than I felt to remain in his den of misery. I was useful—I knew it—and resolved to enhance the value of my services. He began to talk about wages. One month more, and I should have a share in the profits; he magnanimously promised me an *ochavo* for every beard I shaved—excepting of course those that came under the denomination of charity, and were paid for in blessings. Of these he allowed me the complete monopoly; but such a distribution was not at all to my liking. I soon perceived that my master kept to himself all the money-bestowing chins, whilst I had nothing but the blessing-giving customers for my lot. I remonstrated, and desired a more equitable sharing of coins and blessings. He gave fair promises, and my patience became almost exhausted. Then the system of starvation was persevered in, and I could not hold out much longer. The moment of my rupture with Mendrugo at length arrived. One morning as my master was shaving a stranger, the dog to divert the thoughts of horrible hunger, was twisting and jumping, and looking up to the said stranger's face. The miserable, thoroughly starved animal was so pertinacious in his looks and gambols, that he drew the attention of the men.

'What's the matter with this dog—what can he want?' asked he.

'O Señor,' answered I very coolly, 'he is only waiting a little anxiously for the *parings* that are to fall.'

This sally disconcerted the stranger, and afforded no manner of gratification to master Mendrugo. Indeed, he was far from being a good operator on chins; besides, the starved appearance of the dog was a strong corroboration of my statement. The stranger, like the Franciscan, left the shop only half shaved, or rather scarified, and vowing never to enter again such an abominable place. My master fixed a look of anger upon me.

'*Maldito de Dios!* is this your gratitude? So you are a wit, and you think I am a fair butt for your jokes! Supposing I was to crack one on your villainous skull!'

So saying, he sprang to seize a stick. I was equally prompt in taking possession of one of the two chairs—the dog looked in anxious suspense on the impending combat. We stood collected, and ready to strike. Mendrugo looked fiercely on me, and I looked fiercely on Mendrugo—the dog looked on both—it was a picturesque groupe. Alas! I am sorry to spoil the effect of the scene by a sudden interruption, but 'tis past eleven, Don Felix, and I must be off to the Marques of San Justo—good morning!'

SCOTTISH PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER PRESS.

We follow up our article on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Newspaper Press, by some account of the Provincial Press of Scotland; thus giving a complete view of what Sir Robert Peel would call the "Journalism" of that part of the island.

Instead of taking the several papers in the order of their antiquity, it will be the better course to begin at the south, and then proceed to the north of Scotland, taking the different journals in our way.

This arrangement very appropriately enables us to begin with a paper which has long been at the head of the provincial press of the southern part of Scotland. The reader will at once see that we refer to the "Dumfries Courier." It is somewhere about twenty years since this journal was established. In regard to circulation, it is next to the "Aberdeen Journal;" the number of copies published being upwards of 1,500. Its politics are liberal, though not violently so. They are substantially the same as those of the present Ministry. Mr. M'Diarmid, the editor, is author of a number of popular works, and editor of the well-known "Scrap Book," which has run through several editions. For light sketchy articles, Mr. M'Diarmid is well entitled to claim the palm over all his contemporaries of the British press. Nor has he been much less fortunate in his correspondents, particularly in those who fill his poetical corner. We have not seen the "Dumfries Courier" so often of late, but some time since its columns used to be enriched by poetic contributions which would have done honour to any literary periodical of the present day. Though these poetic effusions appeared anonymously, they were for the most part from the pen of Mrs. G. G. Richardson, a lady of distinguished literary attainments, and who has written for various annuals and periodicals a great many poetical pieces, fully equal to any thing which has ever been produced either by Mrs. Hemans or any other poetess of the present time. From a mistaken modesty, however, she has declined, in many cases which consist with our knowledge, prefixing her name to the admirable effusions of her muse, and thus deprived herself of much of the fair fame she has so well merited.

The "Journal" is of an older date than its contemporary the Courier. It was started several years—we do not recollect how many—before the latter. Of late it has repeatedly changed hands. About three years since, Mr. Carson, then proprietor, wished to

dispose of it, and offered it to Mr. Allan Cunningham for £1,200. Mr. C. would have given a certain sum for the copyright, but not the amount asked. It was consequently put up to public sale, when it was purchased by Mr. Geo. Heron for £1,000. Mr. H. engaged Mr. Allan, a young man who had done some credit to himself by his contributions to the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," as editor, and for some time the property seemed to improve. It soon, however, again began to deteriorate, owing perhaps to the growing unpopularity of its high Tory principles. Mr. Heron subsequently wished to get rid of it, and having put it some months ago into the market, it sold at the reduced price of 500*l*. Dr. Duncan, and several other individuals of some consequence in the religious world, purchased the copyright with the view of converting the paper into a religious journal. It has ever since been published as such, but manifestly at a great loss to the proprietors. Its circulation is extremely limited, and it is very indifferently advertised.

The "Dumfries Times" has only been in existence for four or five months. It originated in an idea entertained by some, that the "Courier" was not sufficiently liberal in its politics. It was, as the prospectus stated, to supply the desideratum of a thoroughly Radical journal in the south of Scotland, that the "Dumfries Times" was started. It is a Radical journal in the most enlarged acceptance of the term. Its proprietary is extensive; but still it is not well advertised, and its circulation, we believe, is by no means equal to what was expected. It is conducted by Mr. Douglas, late of the "Spectator," and formerly, if we are not misinformed, connected with the "Morning Journal." Mr. Douglas's salary is 300*l*. a year. It is but fair to add, that as regards talent, the "Dumfries Times" is highly respectable.

The "Kelso Mail" is a journal of respectable antiquity. It is of the Tory school of politics. It publishes twice a week—on Monday and Thursday. Its circulation is not large, but being respectably advertised, it must be a fair paying concern. It is conducted by, and is partly the property of, Mr. Jordan, brother of Mr. William Jordan, editor of the "Literary Gazette." It does not enter largely into political discussion, but contents itself with a brief summary of any thing that is passing in the political world, interspersed with an occasional remark or two expressive of its own view of the matter.

The "Kelso Chronicle" has been little more than a year in existence. Like the "Dumfries Times," it started on ultra-Radical principles. Its circulation is fair, but it is not well advertised. For the first ten or eleven months it was conducted by Mr. Dawson, the proprietor; but finding that it was not answering expectations, Mr. Alexander Peterkin, late of the "New North Briton," was engaged as editor. It is still under his management, and has more spirit, with less of Radicalism, than when under the editorship of Mr. Dawson.

The "Berwick Advertiser" has been published for a great many years. For a long time it was a perfect paste and scissors affair; but of late we have seen somewhat lengthened original discussions on political topics in it, written in a very respectable manner. It is badly printed, which, we should think, must be very much against it.

In Ayr there are two papers—the "Advertiser" and "Observer." The first has been established nearly a quarter of a century. It is, we believe, the property of the Messrs. M'Cormack, one of whom is editor. Dr. James Memes, author of a work on Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, in "Constable's Miscellany," together with a Memoir of Josephine in the same publication, and translator of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon Buonaparte, in three volumes, used to contribute very largely to it, particularly in the literary department. It has a circulation exceeding a thousand, and is well advertised. It is a profitable concern to the proprietors. Its politics are liberal.

The "Observer" is of modern date. It only started in the course of last year. Like its contemporary, it does not espouse violent opinions. It is respectfully conducted, but it is yet too young for us to form a confident opinion as to its future success.

There are two papers in Stirling—the "Journal" and "Advertiser." Mr. Munro, the present proprietor and editor of the "Advertiser," started the "Journal" more than ten years ago. For a long while it had to struggle for existence; and before the proprietor, whose capital was but limited, derived much profit from it, he had got himself so much involved as to be obliged to suffer the "Journal" to pass into the hands of his creditors. It was brought into the market, and purchased by Mr. Weir, a young man from Kelso, for 500*l*. It had not been any time in Mr. Weir's hands, when Mr. Munro, who had by this time effected an arrangement with his creditors, started the "Advertiser" in opposition. The two papers, both as respects circulation, advertisements, and even as to the ability with which they are conducted, are pretty well matched; whatever difference there is, is in favour of the "Journal." Their circulation is not large, nor are they well advertised. When the "Journal" first fell into the hands of Mr. Weir, and for some time after, it was moderately Tory; but since the agitation of the Reform question, it has bordered on Radicalism. The "Advertiser" smacks of Conservatism.

In Fifeshire, or as Shakespeare, in his tragedy of Macbeth, calls it, the "Kingdom of Fife," there are two journals—the "Fife Herald" and the "Fifehire Journal." The first is published in the town of Cupar. It was started some eight or nine years ago by

